

# DiScORDER

February

That Magazine from 101.9 fm

Free



Limp Bizkit

# THE CARGO WINTER SURVIVAL GUIDE ...

## 18 EASY STEPS!

1. A Woolly Sweater!
2. A Heater In The Van!
3. WAYNE KRAMER The Hard Stuff (Epitaph)

"Fire this up and most of your record collection crawls away..."  
- Henry Rollins  
"The man who gave (punk rock) it's shape..." - Guitar Player  
MC's guitar monster!

WAYNE KRAMER

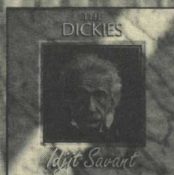
4. Hot Chocolate!
5. Snow Tires!
6. BENDER Funny Kar (Ringing Ear)

*Funny Kar, the first full-length album from Orangeville, Ont's Bender is a 10-song maelstrom of crunching guitars, melodic vocals, and pounding rhythms à la (some say) Green Day, Dickies and Screaming Veebee.*



7. Your Favourite Blanket!
8. A Shovel!
9. THE DICKIES Idjit Savant! (Triplex)

On their first LP in five years, original L.A. punk rock innovators The Dickies have delivered a hook-filled collection of snappy punk-pop songs.



10. Good Scotch!
11. A Warm-Blooded Loved One!
12. RKL Riches To Rags (Epitaph)

After over a decade of dedication and hard work, Rich Kids on LSD has proven to be one of the most enduring bands in punk/hardcore history.



13. Money For Hydro!
14. A Vacation!
15. GRIM SKUNK Grim Skunk
16. PALACE SONGS Hope
17. GOLDEN PALOMINOS Pure
18. ELEVENTH DREAM DAY Ursa Major

CARGO  
RECORDS

"Heating Up Since 1987!"

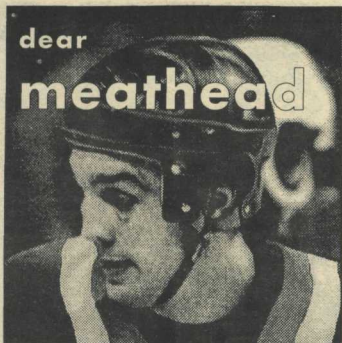
IN CONCERT  
SEE GRIM SKUNK LIVE AT THE TOWN PUMP  
FEB. 17&18



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### 3 DISORDER





Before his esteemed Tigerness comes out of retirement to bloody the rain-soaked pavement of Vancouver with our tender baby faces, let us dedicate this installment of Airhead to a group of men without which the game of hockey could not exist as we know it. You can call them grinders, enforcers, bullies, thugs, goons or meatheads, but without them, hockey would just be figure skating with a puck and sticks. Former and future Canuck bruisers, this one's for you.

**Dear Meathead,**  
I'd like to submit *Psycho Moto* for review in your magazine. It costs \$1 for at the above address. I'd also like to submit a rant on the artist. If possible, could you send me your next issue of *Discorder*? I saw your review in *Flipside*! I'm wondering how I got your address. I'm also working on a documentary about Women in Alternative Music. If you'd like more information on that or anything else, drop me a line.

Ethan Minsker (East Coast

Exchange)  
45 Avenue B, Apt. 2  
New York, NY  
10009

#### Artist and Their Eggs: A Rant by Ethan Minsker

To me it seems like most people who claim the title "artist" are less concerned with creating than they are with their own ego.

I was once in a bar and got into a fight with a "painter." She claimed that if someone created something, and they were the only ones to ever see this creation, that they were not an artist.

First off, what difference does it make if you're an artist or not? To call yourself a painter, or sculptor, or filmmaker, or whatever, is a sign of vanity. The creator who keeps his creation in his own private box has the advantage of not having to interact with the critic which doesn't make him/her any less "artistic" than any other.

We should all have our own private boxes so that we can view our own work as perfection. Leave SOHO to the sophis-

ticated, intellectual types.

I always run into people who will say something like, "I'm a film maker" and I'll say, "Oh yes? What films have you done?" "Oh, I haven't made any yet but I'm working on a feature script." The title is more important than ever making that film.

What is an artist anyway? Someone who creates? Everybody creates in some way. So, we're all artists; we're all creators; we're all nothing. Except egos. When did the reputation become more important than the creation? Pop culture has already eaten it's self. Living in a mobile home makes you more of an artist than living in a loft in Williamsburg. I would take white trash and Elvis over Parsons and RSD anyday.

No Ethan, living in a mobile home does not make you "more of an artist", it makes you poor! Having talent makes you an artist. (Either that or having a really good agent.) I appreciate what you're trying to say as far as de-sanctifying art and the art world, but come on. What kind of world would we have if we all just sat in our little boxes jerking off and putting ourselves on the back afterwards? Not one that I'd want to live in. (But hey, I'll put your back if you'll put mine!) And just what, may I ask, are painters, sculptors and filmmakers supposed to say when someone asks them what they do for a living? Is it still a sign of vanity when it's a statement of fact?

You can have your Elvis and your white trash, Ethan (especially if it means an end to *Trash-Kids-On-The-Run* movies starring Juliette Lewis). As for me, I'm going to go find some so-called artists to hang out with. Snobs are more fun than whiners anyday.

**Dear Meathead,**  
Hi. I just finished reading your January issue and I needed there was no Airhead column. Well, if the letters you receive are as

## We're truckin' now.

**DISCORDER** Magazine has hit the on-ramp of the information highway and only a pee-break could stop us.

Present and past issues of **DISCORDER**, the Local Music Directory and other CiTR related info can be reached by your computer at:

GOPHER://AMS.UBC.CA/  
11N3A/CLUBSETC/SERVICE/CITR  
For more info, e-mail CITR @ UNIXG.UBC.CA



pointless as this one is, I don't blame you for scrapping it for a month or two.

The people in Daytona really have no idea what a "Chicane" is. It's not red-and-white kerbing. It's an artificial or temporary corner added to a racetrack at a particularly speedy or dangerous section. If there's a nasty or fatal accident at a track one year then they'll build a chicane where the accident occurred to slow the cars down. The striped kerbing merely marks the apex of the breaking fragile suspension parts.

Please pass this on to the band and advise them to watch *SpeedWeek* more often.

Thanks,

Michael Schumacher

Consider it done, Michael. *DISCORDER* always welcomes input from those who have enough time on their hands to not only read our mag from cover to cover but to find things to nit-pick about. AND to fit in *SpeedWeek* on a regular basis. Has leopardy got your number?

#### CORRECTION:

In last month's *Daytona* interview, the young gent we talked to was incorrectly identified as "Don". Don has, in fact left the band. The interview was conducted with *Daytona*'s new bass player, Darren. Sorry, Darren. We love you.



Madeline



sexy babe

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Office Hours: Monday to Friday between 10am and 6pm

## This spud's for you



*Whoa, what a spud! Qual register*

What do you know about potatoes, punk?

If you know how many of nature's nuggets are featured in this month's issue of *DISCORDER*, you could win yourself a limited edition vinyl copy of either Siouxsie and the Banshees' latest, *Rapture* (available in stores Feb 15th), or the *This is Fort Apache* compilation (featuring Sebadoh, Dino Jr., the Lemonheads and Billy Bragg). Just send a postcard with your spudcount, name and address to:

**SCALLOPED! c/o DISCORDER**  
6138 SUB Blvd,  
Vancouver, B.C. V6T 1Z1





PENGUINS WORKED UP INTO A LATHER  
OVER ICE FLOWS.  
STOCKBROKERS UP TIGHT ABOUT  
COLOURED SOCKS.  
SIBLINGS MESS'D UP ABOUT EAST  
SOUTH EAST.  
FRIDGES NEUROTIC RE THAWING.  
CONSTELLATION HATING MEN.  
KNIVES DOWN ON KETSUP.  
BILLIARD BALLS RAT-  
TL'D RE INFLATION

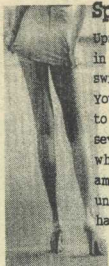
IN A WORD: FOMOBIA.

JOHN ALAN DOUGLAS 1

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A

### Spike Heels

Upset Hastings Street hooker  
in foot tall hair and spike heels  
swings her heavy fist and screams  
You ain't takin' me  
to Port Coquitlam motherfucker  
seven times  
while the goofy pigeons dodge  
among her slashing feet  
unruffled and indifferent  
having never been to Port Coquitlam



Wes Hartley

## TRAUMA

Tantalizing shot-string danglies acid bath dreams,  
breathe on my trauma toes and let me dance once more,  
locked in your scarlet embrace as if you'd never let me go.

foggy, hazy dag,  
let me scream "pigeon ears",  
spinning round and round, I see only golden symmetry  
and I drop lifelessly at your angry monster feet  
as streams of mysterious fluids escape from my lips.

Edookia Sofos

IN WESTWOOD, ANXIOUS AUDIENCES  
LINE UP FOR THE STAR-STODGED  
PREMIERE OF THE "CHIPMUNKS &  
SQUIRRELS" MOVIE...



MEANWHILE, IN OUTER SPACE, THE FLEET OF FLYING  
SAUCERS FROM SATURN, ON A MISSION TO CON-  
QUER EARTH, RAPIDLY APPROACHES OUR PLANET



Chipmunks & Squirrels by Michael Aushenker © 1994

... & PASSES IT, MISTAKENLY INVADING SISTER  
PLANET VENUS INSTEAD.



THEIR MYOPIC OVERSIGHT GOES  
UNNOTICED...



SO MUCH FOR HIGHER  
INTELLIGENCE IN OUTER SPACE.

## LIFE WITH THE FAMILY ENNOYE

OURS WAS THE  
AREA BETWEEN THE  
BLACK SWAN AND  
THE TUBE STATION  
ENTRANCE. WHICH  
WE NEVER EN-  
TERED. IT WAS NEI-  
THER AN EXCEP-  
TIONALLY GOOD  
SPOT NOR A BAD  
BUT IT WAS KNOWN  
AS OURS FOR WE  
WERE A BIT OF A  
CURIOSITY PIECE  
EVEN AMONG OUR  
OWN. THAT DIDN'T  
HINDER US.  
THOUGH FOR I WAS  
USED TO CURIOSITY  
AND FEAR AND SO  
TOO WAS SHE WITH  
HER NIGHT VISION  
INTO HUMAN  
DARKNESS. IN ALL  
OUR TIME TO-  
GETHER WE WERE  
NEVER BUT OR  
BEATEN NOT ONCE  
BECAUSE SHE  
KNEW. OFTEN WE  
INTIMIDATED OUR  
CUSTOMERS WHEN  
THIS WAS NOT THE  
CASE HER FACE  
STILLED AND HER  
LIP SET IN A CURI-  
OUS WAY WHILE  
HER EYES BROODED  
ON THE STRANGER'S  
FACE. USUALLY  
THERE'D BE A SHIFT  
INTO MOTION AND  
WE'D BEGIN OUR  
PLAY-ACTING. BUT  
SOMETIMES SHE'D  
SAV VERY QUIETLY  
"WO'NT YOU EX-  
CUSE US BRIEFLY?"  
AND WE'D BE OUT-  
SIDE THE DOOR AND  
OFF SO QUICKLY  
THAT SHE'D CARRY  
ME DRAGGING UP  
AND OUT OF WIN-  
DOWS OVER WALLS  
OR DOWN FLIGHTS  
OF DIRTY STAIRS.

SOME PEOPLE  
THOUGHT MY PRE-  
SENCE WAS SUPER-  
FLUOUS. BUT SHE  
SAID I WAS CRU-  
GIAL MY FEATURES  
ARE STRONG. THE  
FOREHEAD ROUND  
AND HEAVY. DEEP-  
SET EYES OVER  
KNOBBED CHEEK-  
BONES. A WIDE  
CHERUBIC MOUTH.  
I LIGHT WONDER-  
FULLY WELL FROM  
ABOVE OR UNDER-  
NEATH AND CAN.  
WITH A FEW MI-  
NOR ADJUSTMENTS

TO MY BEARING AND  
GROOMING. PASS AS  
EITHER A SMALL BOY  
OR GIRL I MOST OF-  
TEN POSE AS A  
STATUE. I'M VERY  
MUSCULAR. VERY  
STILL AND POLISHED.  
I AM BOTH WITNESS  
AND SPUR TO THE  
ACTION. OCCASION-  
ALLY I ACT AS HAND-  
MAIDEN OR PAGE  
OFFERING DRINK  
FOOD. OIL SILK. OR  
ROPE. SHE NEVER LET  
A SOUL TOUCH ME.  
THEY SAID IT WAS  
SO SHE COULD KEEP  
ME FOR HERSELF.

OUR ENCOUN-  
TERS WERE UNPRE-  
DICTABLE. WE  
SEEMED TO BE FOL-  
LOWING HER HOPE-  
LESS WHIM WHEN  
WE PICKED UP THE  
MAN WITH THE  
BOOK. BUT HE AC-  
CEPTED OUR AD-  
VANCE AS IF IT'D  
BEEN HIS INTEN-  
TION ALL ALONG. YOU  
SEE. HE'D THROWN  
HIS BOOK INTO A  
RUBBISH BIN AND  
SO WE'D NOTICED  
HIM. IN A CHEAP  
ROOM SHE RE-  
TURNED HIS BOOK.  
SAVING "THINK YOU  
OUGHT TO KEEP IT"  
AND SHE TOOK HIS  
RAZOR FROM A PA-  
PER BAG I HADN'T  
EVEN SEEN. HIS FACE  
RIPPLED. ODDLY AT  
THE CHIN BUT HIS  
HANDS HELD TENSE  
ON HIS KNEES. HE  
TOOK HER PRO-  
NOUNCEMENT AS IF  
HE'D CONSULTED HER  
SPECIFICALLY. AND  
WE LEFT SO QUICK  
TO THE BETTER AND NOT  
SO MUCH AS A DEEP  
BREATH TAKEN FOR  
IT. SHE WALKED  
ALONG FROWNING  
SLIGHTLY. I ASKED  
WHAT THE BOOK'S  
TITLE WAS. SHE  
DIDN'T KNOW. IT  
WAS TO HIM. SHE  
EXPLAINED. IT'S THE  
SAME WITH MY LAST  
NAME. SHE SAID.  
I WISH I COULD  
SAV THAT SHE  
STOOD TO BESTOW  
HER GIFTS OF PLEAS-  
URE LIKE A PRIEST-  
ESS BUT IT WAS NOT  
SO. THE ACTS WERE  
ANIMAL.

Catch my other ongoing strip, "THE ADVENTURES OF PROFESSOR PAP",  
in the pages of "HEAVY METAL" Magazine, appearing bi-monthly at  
Newsstands everywhere.



# INTERVIEW HELL

## ANOTHER WHITE MALE

Who are you and what do you do in your band?

Nathan Dillon: vocals/bass  
Shawn Webster: guitar/vocals  
Dan Wiener: drums  
James Cowan: stand-up bass

Describe your sound in 25 words or less.  
Fun for the whole family.

Walter Pater once wrote that, "All art aspires towards the condition of music." What exactly is this 'condition of music'?

To relieve ideas and emotions and share them with an audience. At least that is our answer. Now we'll take History for \$200, Alex.

1) How has being friends with Phil Collins' son, Simon Collins, helped your band? 2) Where is Simon? 3) Why isn't he your drummer?

1) It hasn't.  
2) We don't know.  
3) He couldn't "feel it coming in the air tonight."

Do you feel any personal responsibility for the atrocities committed by white males throughout history or do you think that a whole idea of people today being culpable for events which occurred before their lifetime is ridiculous?

For society to progress we must look at the past and learn from our mistakes. To pass the debt down for other generations to deal with will perpetuate the problem. In taking the name Another White Male we were fully aware, due to the atrocities 'White Males' have committed throughout history, that it would be taken this way. This is something we hope to see changed in our lifetime.

Have you ever tripped on your wallet chain?  
No.

Does PC-hypocrisy?  
Yes, it could. Nothing is absolute.

What are your plans for New Year's Eve, 1999?  
We have a friend who says aliens are gonna come and make him leader in the year 2000, so we will be sucking up to him.

Would you consider moving down the street from Boom to Zulu now that Zulu has a major-label distribution deal?  
Boom is not our label, it's a family.

Is Ted Rogers the Anti-Christ?  
No, just a capitalist.

What's the most important thing we should know about your band?  
We stay crunchy in milk.

Discography:  
Yesterday Rolled By  
(5 song LP released in '94)

Another White Male can be contacted at:  
2003 W. 4th Ave  
Vancouver B.C.

## NEWBAD THINGS

Who are you and what do you play?

Matthew Hattie Hein: gtr, vox, noise, recycling barrel, drum, accordion  
Luke Hollywood Cohen: gtr, vox, noise, harmonica  
Lars: trumpet, sax, drums, noise, juice harp, vox  
Christine Denkwatter: drums, saxophone, vocals, guitar, organ  
Prince Mattiey Gaunt: bass, vocals

Describe your sound in 25 words or less.  
PMG: Almost organic hip-hop.

Are the New Bad Things the bastard sons of the Crazy 8's?  
Luke: No, we are direct descendants of that splendid band on the Vancouver/Portland axis: Spandau Ballet.

Denk: But I am a girl.  
MHH: How true that is.

Why isn't Jeremy of Pilot your biggest fan?

MHH: Oh, but he is. I served him coffee a couple days ago and he tipped very nicely. Christ, what a nice guy John Moon is, though.

Luke: His moustache, and his being jealous that Spandau Ballet digs us.  
MHH: Word up to the Ballet.

What was the last Canadian band you listened to, and saw live?

MHH: Mr. Right v. Mr. Wrong in Victoria.  
Lars: Good Horsey in Bellingham.  
Luke: We sang "American Women" on the way up tonight, but I've never seen the Guess Who.

Why is Portland "too damn small"?

Lars: My parents live there.  
Luke: A couple of days ago I realized that the weaselly, pseudo-moustached guy at the gas station who I heard making homophobic jokes, was on my soccer team when I was in 6th grade. It's pretty small.

If Kaia from Team Dresch and Christian-music aficionado Roger Nusic got in a fight, who would win?

MHH: Well, Roger has super powers, but Kaia may be more punk rock: she knows all the words to *Jesus Christ Superstar*.  
Luke: Kaia would obviously win in the physical battle, but it'd be a dead heat on style points.  
Denk: Kaia, because I would help her.

What do you think Everclear spent their one million dollar signing bonus on?

MHH: I just read that what's-his-name is really excited about finding a place where he can get his hair dyed for only \$60.  
Luke: Well, Alexakis probably bought a lot, the other guys probably got a sleeping bag or something.

How many side projects are you involved in?

MHH: Slide projects. We could watch the slides from the trip to Ohio. We could stare at bugs.  
Lars: Dave, Mattie and I are a band called Wallpaper. There

are a few tapes out. A lot different than NBT.

Denk: I have a band called DEA which is much more punk.  
MHH: You wish Denk. Liking NBA basketball is not punk rock, it is jock rock. Union Pole in Olympia deals with everything except DEA. THC (Tonia Hard Core) is Rebecca Gates' (of The Spinanes) favourite band, but we haven't decided exactly who's in it.

Was playing Yo-Yo A Go Go more fun than a root canal?  
Luke: Yes, but with less drugs.

Who are Moist?

MHH: 1) Eric Estrada, 2) Steve MacGarrett  
Luke: Mainly Eric Estrada.

Could you ever be accused of playing "fragile pop songs too loud"?

Lars: Yes. It is true.  
Luke: Only by someone who wanted to fight, Bucko!

Will it ever be time for Portland's legendary Dead Moon to retire?

Luke: Absolutely not! Perish the thought.  
PMG: Oh! Dead Moon?! I love heavy metal!  
MHH: Surely you aren't sore over their '54-40 or Fight' song? It's better to burn out than to fade away, unless there's moistness involved. Did anyone mention that school is cool?

Who should be on the cover of *Disorder*?

Denk: Luke.  
MHH: Fuck Luke. I'm going to be on the cover of *Disorder* with my new beau, Carolyn Marx. My next tape will be out on Valentine's Day, and it's dedicated to her, in a very emotional and legally binding way.

Is there anything else people should know about the New Bad Things?

PMG: School is cool!

Luke: What about fire? Our house caught on fire. It destroyed a wall. The landlady says she's gonna sue us. But I don't think she can. Smoke alarms are a good idea - that wasn't a lie in school.

Denk: Maybe you can get a soot-covered/scented single from us.

Discography.

New Bad Things:  
"Concrete"/"Knott St."/"I Suck" 7" on Rainforest  
"Robin Hood" + 4 7" EP on Candyass

"Serious Cat"/"ProDuCT" 7" (UK only) on Sticky Records  
Freewheel full-length CD, LP and cass. on Candyass

Wallpaper:  
three tapes on Union Pole  
Matthew Hattie Hein:  
two tapes on Union Pole  
Bob Phonic:  
one tape on The Secret Press  
Compilations:  
Canlanburous Jack Lord on Road Cone  
Kiss Covers Compilation (tape only)

I Present This 7" on Union Pole  
It's Finally Christmas CD on T.K.

New Bad Things can be contacted c/o:  
The Secret Press  
PO Box 6834  
Portland, OR 97228  
USA





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## POTTER'S FIELD

Who are you and what do you do in your band?

Tyler Sevrens: vocals, lead and rhythm guitars  
Darrell MacPherson: lead bass  
Allan Piperni: drums

Describe your sound in 25 words or less: emotional, creative, original, an indescribable experience in pain, pleasure and power

Who are your influences?

Metallica, Pink Floyd, Kiss, Rush, Alice in Chains, Smashing Pumpkins, STD oil treatment, Pearl Jam, Led Zeppelin, The Doors, (9th Configuration, Ministry

Were you called 'Bailey Park' until George Baily asked Clarence 'The Guardian Angel' to see what life would have been like if George Baily had not been born?

No. Who is George Baily? Tyler met Clarence once at an LSD ball and he said that life wouldn't have been the same without him - thus Potter's Field became a drug-free band.

If not, who is Potter and what is so special about his field?

Potter is an energy driving power trio and the field is our domain.

Do you consider yourselves to be artists or entertainers?

Both. We are entertainers because we feed off of the crowd and we love the crowd feeding off of us. Tyler loves art and considers himself an artist, but not anything close to socially acceptable art. But who really cares if society likes it or not.

If poppies grew in Flander's Field, what grows in Potter's Field?

Lost souls. Potter's Field - located on Hart Island, New York - is the final resting place for the less fortunate and the countless victims of natural disasters. Those who are buried there are not respected for they are the nameless.

Recite a line from the song that changed your life.

"Alive or dying...I couldn't tell.  
I touched on God...my conscience may heal."  
(from "Flight")



How long can a drum solo go on before it becomes self-indulgent?

Never long enough. I love them but I can't play them worth beans.

Should *Disorder* sacrifice its coverage of the world fashion industry in order to provide more space for coverage of the local music scene?

Definitely. The Vancouver scene is great, but there is a serious lack of exposure. Vancouver has some great musicians and we've played with many of them - ie Rotorcloud, Heavy Mellow. Bands such as Pure and Moist are obviously the most popular, but there are countless others that groove in Vancouver. We've never played with Pure or Moist, but we do know Jordy from Pure.

What's the most important thing we should know about your band?

Potter's Field loves to play and seems to catch many listeners off guard. We are here to stay and will never stop. We are all scarred for life and have tattoos to prove it.

I have a problem with bands that achieve great success and then crumble. Rock stars/bands are a part of our culture whether or not people can admit to that, and I've always dreamed of being a part of that. I'm no wanna-be, but I speak for the whole band when I say, "If success can be achieved then this band will ride it like a wave."

Discography:

Potter's Field - (demo cassette)  
12 song CD soon to be released

Potter's Field can be contacted at:  
303-9205 Gildwood Dr.  
Burnaby, BC  
V3N 4T9

# THE GRASSY KNOLL

"a smart, smooth, instrumental outing that brings together jazz, techno, acid rock, psychedelics, industrial and experimental musical styles into a free-wheeling, totally hip whole."

B-SIDE Magazine, Jan. 95



## THE GRASSY KNOLL



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# Check these out for the first time...

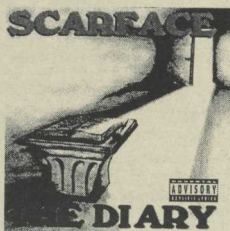


## massive attack protection

'Protection', Massive Attack's second album, is a strange, startling, and seductive in its own way as its predecessor. Massive Attack continues to thrive as a fluid, ever evolving aggregation of musicians orbiting around core members 3-D, Mushroom, and Daddy G. The title track features the distinctive vocals of Tracey Thorn (Everything But The Girl) and is the perfect introduction to the album's allure.

## smashing pumpkins pisces iscariot

A rare collection of 14 sought-after gems that features B-sides from UK and European singles released during various stages of their career. 'Pisces' also includes two live tracks performed on Britain's BBC radio, and the incredibly rare Sub Pop single "La Dolly Vita". Until now, most of these tracks have never been commercially available in North America.



## scarface the diary

As a former member of the infamous Geto Boys, his music has reflected the urban and moral decay of a society raised on an excess of violence, corruption, and scandal. The Diary displays Face's uncanny ability to verbalize the anger, rage, and pain felt by so many of the disenfranchised members of the urban portion of "Generation X". Face has no problem confronting such figures as Congresswoman C. Delores Tucker and others who try to blame society's moral decay on rappers ('Hand of the Dead Body', a duet with Ice Cube).



## hHead jerk

After selling over 10,000 copies of their indie release 'Fireman', hHead have released their major label debut "Jerk" exactly one year and a day after winning CFNY's \$100,000 "Discovery to Disk" contest. Produced by Dave 'Rave' Ogilvie (Babes in Toyland, Drown and The Doughboys) "Jerk" contains thirteen solid tracks. The band wrote all the songs over the last couple of years between touring with the likes of Dinosaur Jr., Stone Temple Pilots, The Lemonheads, Sloan, and Furnaceface.



## kirsty maccoll galore

The word 'galore' is derived from the Irish Gaelic defined as 'in abundance, plentiful'. No other term is more perfectly suited to describe this 18 track collection. 'Galore' is more than a greatest hits package, it contains 2 new tracks 'Caroline' and 'Perfect Day', a duet with Evan Dando. Galore is unlike many 'collection albums', it has been chosen with the approval of the artist as opposed to the label.



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Abhh, yes. The *Disorder* Hell bowling team. Misspent youth. That's what they call us. Yeah, we bowl. We bowl like we mean it. Every Wednesday. Averages? Yeah, we get averages. Lane etiquette? Yup, we got it. Style? Baby, you don't even know. It's tough, wiping the other teams all over the shiny, waxed Commodore lanes every week, but somebody's got to do it. Our worthy opponents? Team *Geez* fanzine, *Scratch Records*, *Chickenhawk*, *Terminal City* (come out, come out, Schreurs...), *in Hell's Belly* fanzine, *Bowlers*, the *Magic Eight Balls*, *Hemp B.C.*, *Co-op 102.7 fm*, *Cannibals*, *Oleic Eddy's*. We're like family now. If only they could match our good-looks and charm...

Now, I do not mean to imply that all this bowling savvy rests inherently within the *Disorder* elves alone. This is certainly not the case. On January 14, the Variety Club held their annual "Media Celebrity Day" at the Varsity Ridge Lanes, and both *CITR* and *Disorder* (who else) were invited to participate. January was the 9th annual "BC Bowls for Kids" month, a fund raising drive for children with special needs presented by the

Variety Club in cooperation with the Bowling Proprietors' Association of BC. Every year, bowlers come out 'en force' to showcase their talents and generous donations.

The collective charisma of both the *CITR* and the *Disorder* teams was enough to shame the other teams into consistent poodies (a bowling euphemism for throwing the ball straight into the gutter). Try as they might, all the other teams could muster up were dead aples ("dead apple" is a term used to describe a ball with no power when it reaches the pins). The *Disorder* Hell team consistently supplied grasshoppers (in bowling vocab, a "grasshopper" is a ball that sends the pins flying), and *CITR* rocks (strike ball - pardon the CFOX-like pun). Were they champions? Let's just say that it was no surprise when the *CITR* team walked away with a glorious third place finish in the big bowl event. Born and bred 5-pin champions, Selena, Megan, Andy, Brian, Ryan, and Kevin did indie underdogs everywhere proud, despite numerous underhanded and sneaky sabotage attempts from the other corporate-focused beachcomber-bowlers

("beachcombing" involves salvaging the remaining pin on the third ball). Indie Nation Youth everywhere can rejoice, your sporting desires fully represented by the volunteer-run radio station which loves you all - *CITR* 101.9 FM.

## LOCAL DIRTY

Hey, all you corporate-minded punk rockers! The annual *MusicWest* festival is gearing up for another year. As always, the event will be held at various venues around town between May 11-14th. Featured this year is a conference on "The State of Independents" with indie reps and distributors from all over the globe in attendance.

"Music West 95 will continue to launch music careers and nurture an enduring sense of community," reads this year's press release. The festival will be a dynamic and utterly critical forum for the exchange of information, inspiration, and business cards. "What are you waiting for? Call 684-9338 for more information."

**Rock for Choice** Vancouver is holding their second-annual showcase in April. Originally scheduled for February 25, this year's event was postponed to accommodate local solo artist Biff Naked. Other local acts set to appear on the bill include Sparkmarker and Ten Days Late, and there will also be spoken word performances by local talents and info booths. (Started in '92 by members of *L7*, *Rock for Choice* was organized to "Support a woman's right to reproductive freedom.") There is no word yet as to whether D.O.A. will sign on for the April date. Originally scheduled to perform at the February show, the band abruptly backed out - much to the annoyance of the show's organizers - when hoped-for headliners 7 Year Bitch were unable to confirm.

For those of you hipsters looking for a new place to be "scene," the *Broadway Express* (2733 Commercial) will begin featuring live entertainment, starting on January 28 with

Thurston and 1000 Stamps. Each night of the week will have a theme: Friday - swanky cocktail lounge, Saturdays - "Bunking at the Broadway" (punk acoustic sets), Mondays - Stormy Mondays (blues), Tuesdays - martini specials galore. The jukebox selection is also being renovated from classic rock to old crooner selections. Demo cassettes or ideas for live performances are now being accepted by Linda at 877-1699. Tell them *Disorder* sent you.

Seamen are releasing their *Liquor Face* CD mid-February. Their label, Bad Robots Records, is looking for local punk/hardcore bands for a *Victoria/Vancouver* area compilation CD, and possible future releases. Contact Andy at 595-7615 (Victoria) for more information.

**Victoria's Show Business Giants** moved from *Wrong Records* (homed of *Nomanso*) to major label Virgin records, while *Knock Down Gilder* are rumored to have pending deal with *Zulu Records*. (KDG will perform at the Starfish Room February 2 with the *Vinagrettes* and *Ford Pier*.)

**Mint Records** are busy heaters this month. Hot on the heels of the new club release *Come Out, Come Out*, local pop gods *Pluto* have their new full length CD *Cool Way to Feel* out February 15. Two Eastern acts are also jumping on board Mint for one 7" release each: *Glen-gary, Ontario's Stand GT*, and *Julie's* (from *Eric's Trip* side project *Nerdy Girl*).

**Submission Hool** (formerly *Insult to Injury*) are proud to announce their anticipated 12-song cassette release for February on the key of *Regressing* are on a cassette by that name on Olympia (that's Washington, you fool) label *Unleash Pole*.

## LOCAL RELEASES!

Cassettes:

The Bus - *Still Waiting*  
Dancing On Glass - *Robin's Favorites*  
Donkey - *Heavy Light Ears*  
The Flu - *Lighthouse*  
Giblet - *1st Day*  
Ole 1 - *Schickelleghroughere*  
And The Happy Philanthropist Orchestra - *Wunderbar*  
Red Autumn Fall - *s.t.*  
Skrag - *s.t.*  
Sugarcandy Mountain - *s.t.*  
Spiral Noise - *Digital Evil Incarnate*  
28 Shades - *Look out Mrs. Doodlepunk*

CDs:

Big City Groove - *s.t.*  
club - *Come Out, Come Out* (mint records)  
The Many - *Leech* (reissue - Bang-On records)  
The McRackins - *What Came First?*  
Pluto - *Cool Way To Feel* (mint records)  
Shudge - *Cogitulum* (reissue Bang-On records)  
Zumpano - *Look What The Rookie Did* (SubPop)

Vinyl:

Strain - *Catacract 7* (Heart First records)  
club - *Come Out, Come Out* (triple coloured 7" - mint records)

## LOCAL REVIEWS!

Starting off this month's reviews is one very peppy tape from **The Unhappies**. *Unhappy Birthday* contains three great, catchy songs named "Rag Doll Man," "Peanut Guy," and "Acne Cream." The sound is along the lines of Big Star and Teenage Fanclub - the whole bit. The lyrics are swell, with junk food being a focal point of their imagery. I personally can't get enough of it, so I'm holding my breath until their full-length release comes out (featuring "Big Jack," a "bastardized Celtic tune about schizophrenia"). Until then, however, if you have to listen to only one tape this month then good god man let this be the one.

Anyhow, another gem to cross my desk is a new compilation from Mark, who is Mark Szabo of Good Horse. The tape is called *Regressing* and, wouldn't you know it, the guy sent us an abbreviated version (6 out of a possible 13 songs) of the commercially available one (or whatever you call it) cassette. Aside from that bullshit, the tape is quite gratifying, with that same laidback bohemian feel that is so prominent on *Horsey/Good Horse* recordings being the main taste coming out of the stew. "Stringing You Along" resembles most of Mark's earlier solo demos (in fact, it was on that tape), while new twists are heard on other songs, especially where guest Max Lee plays the drums. "Something Strange" sounds like it was recorded on tape (or the power lines. Except for one tune "A Little While," from a compilation called *See-Ball*) and the songs on my copy of *Regressing* are on a cassette by that name on Olympia (that's Washington, you fool) label *Unleash Pole*.

I thought I'd lost Rodney McFarlane, since it had been over a year since I'd heard from his last project Teeth, but he has indeed resurfaced. Now he's back to using his former band name *Partial Patey* and musically sounds like he's up to the same old tricks. With a guitar sound that more resembles World War II, PP's four songs have definite lease-breaking potential. I like.

One interesting tape is the long-awaited product, albeit only two songs, from lounge-band-about-town *Lux Indigo*. *LX* features some perennial luminaries of the local punk scene, including Tim Challenger and Doug Donut, but this time out it's smoky, lazy jazz without solos or complicated stuff like that. Live they do a reptilian version of Duran's "Rio," while on the tape it's SNR!s. "She's Not On The Menu" plus an original, "Crepuscule." Listening to this made me Jones to hear "Girl from Ipanema" done by a lounge-punk quartet. Fortunately, they do that one live too.

More crumbling of the wall that separates jazz from all other forms of debauchery comes in the form of *Acid Jazz*, fave band at the moment for the *Punk* record. *Acid* is distributed by the *Magic* nose-bridge-stuff/

goatee-sporting, stick-shooting, post-rave generation. A recent technical innovation is to actually perform it live, with saxophones and everything. Demos are now bearing this out, with a choice hip-hoppin', soul-scrapping, "FAT-chewin'" one coming in by a hand going under the name *The Craze*. While it's a little too lo-fi to do this music its full justice, that recorded-in-the-grow-room flavour only adds to the impression that there's something really really fresh happening here. Let the *Jazz Flow*. I now declare a moratorium on hyphenated adjectives.

*Slumming* is the real, honest-to-goodness (does that count?) finalized cassette product now available in stores from *Kim Linekin*. Former touring backup musician with Sarah MacLachlan, *KL* got her start as vocalist/violinist with *Victorian-style* *Shirley*, whose drummer, Jason Deatherage, she still uses. "Always Cleaning Up After You" is the first song, and it sets the mood with its commercially available techniques (i.e., keyboards) and *Kim's* banshee guitar feedback. There's a bit of the folkie in *Kim*, so prepare yourself for lush lo-fi acoustic ballads ("The Train"). Between the nine songs on *Slumming*, no genre has been left untouched (except for maybe bohemian fat-chewin' Spiffing schizo-Celtic New Romantic lounge jazz) and the music was certainly able to keep up with my wandering attention. Her voice is chart-toppingly (so much for the moratorium - that's politics for you) strong, still retaining character despite the sense I got that she's on the lam from a genetic Nordic merchant's resemblance. With *Kim's* *Shirley* on *Glove* - see *VanSpec Dec '94*) on slide and other tools and that *Vince* guy from *TGOG* (*The Grapes of Ginger*) on keeb varnish. I humbly submit. *DS*

## ALL AGES SHOWS!

**Saturday, January 28:** club Record Release Party w/ Sparkmarker & Gob at the New York Theatre.

**Friday, February 3:** M-Blanket, en/la/k, Submission Hool & Shotwell Cobo (from S.F., featuring members of *Crumphorne - Concrete* and *on drums*) at Crossstown Traffic.

**Saturday, February 4:** Facepupper, The Cowards, The Lovedones & Cinnamon at the New York Theatre.

**Friday, February 10:** Our Lady Peace w/ The Killjoys at the New York Theatre.

**Friday, February 17:** Hazel (Portland), Sparkmarker, thirty-ought-six (Portland) & Truffelbunt at the Pitt Gallery.

**Saturday, February 25:** Pluto, Cinnamon & Queazy at Crossstown Traffic.

Credit for all bowling gigs goes to Poodle, a fanzine dedicated to the real sport that is 5-pin bowling. *Poodle* is distributed by the *Magic* 8-Balls bowling team.



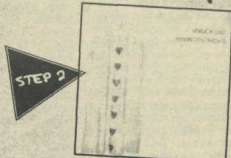
CITR's larger-than-life celebrity bowling team proudly display their wares



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# The Ballad of the Shindig Finals

(Turn the page for the winners' chorus!)

Not too long after Underwater Sunshine saw its Shindig aspirations fall short of perfect last month, I met with band members Enzo Figliuzzi and John Nikolic to discuss, amongst other things, their disappointing third place finish in what may have been one of the most bizarre Shindig finals ever. I was at a loss myself as to why the judges chose Meow as the evening's eventual winner, but it may have been that the not-so-cuddle-core sounds of Meow appealed to the judges' appreciation of DIY/lo-fi garage pop. If this was the case, it's no wonder that Underwater Sunshine fared as they did: Their songs are carried by strong three part harmony vocals (by far their strongest asset), guitars that chime away and drive ahead, and a keen sense of what makes a pop song. All in all, Underwater Sunshine is a solid band that can play better than Teenage Fanclub can say "Alex Chilton."

Starting out in the high schools of Delta and Surrey in the late 80's, a few years of development brought Underwater Sunshine from its initial AC/DC cover band status towards that of an original power-pop band, far more influenced by the Grapes of Wrath than anyone else at the time. And while they don't deny that the Grapes influence was there at first ("These are the guys that made us want to play what we play," explains John), any comparisons are largely due to a simi-



larity in the live arrangement of their songs. With Enzo on bass, guitarists John and Tim Bonikowski and drummer Blair Mipchello, the four feel that they have grown out of wanting to merely sound like just another pop band with great voices. Somewhat surprisingly, vocals like theirs are not born of significant training or experience in choirs or other bands; instead, practice, practice, and more practice together as a band has allowed them to develop as they have.

While Underwater Sunshine may not have impressed the judges enough to win any of the recording time up for grabs at Shindig, the band is committed enough to enter the studio on their own terms (and at their own expense!). Ironically, they plan to record at Greenhouse Studios, the same facility from which Meow received most of their recording time prize. With any luck, the sessions will produce a 6 song EP that is to be engineered by Ken Lomas, who's worked on new releases by the Red Hot Chili Peppers

and Blind Melon.

Contact with a hep cat of the rock biz aside, Underwater Sunshine are truly a local band: the furthest they've ever strayed from home is the Town Pump. Because of this, I wondered if employing management (as Underwater Sunshine do) proves to be worthwhile for a group that operates on this scale.

"We wouldn't be able to look at the future the way we (do) now," says John. And sure enough, it was their management who came through with a gig opening for Kiss tribute band Black Diamond at the Vogue Theatre.

"They just help us out a great deal with connections." Not bad for a band that didn't even have a token Kiss cover song themselves for wowing the audience.

All kidding aside, even if they did play such songs as part of their repertoire, it wouldn't have made a difference for the Shindig judges, I suppose. With great abilities and potential to draw from, Underwater Sunshine can only get better, and perhaps continue in the tradition that sees those who fare worst in contests end with the best results in the long run.





The question isn't, "Where the heck did The Papillomas come from?", the question is, "Where the heck do they go from here?"

Blazing out of nowhere to finish a respectable second place in CTR's Shindig competition, The Papillomas seemed to be the freshest, most original, and yes, gosh darnit, the nicest band that this ol' warhorse has laid eyes on for many a moon. So why debut at Shindig?

"We like to play as much as we can and not that many people ask us to play," offers drummer Dave Blackman.

"We put in an application last year and this year," says guitarist Shane Yakelashak, "and completely forgot about it."

When The Papillomas finally received an invitation to play Shindig they decided that it would be 'fun' to play, even though Yakelashak admits that, "It's weird to have a contest [judging different types of music]. I told someone that I was playing in Shindig and he said, 'Oh man, contests really suck... unless you're winning stuff.'"

Reservations aside, the band did feel that they had somewhat of an advantage over the other bands at the Shindig finals. "When we were at sound check today, the other band, Underwater Sunshine, said that they weren't used to playing a place this big [The Starfish Room]," explains Blackman. "We play at Harpo's in Victoria fairly often and a couple of other places. I almost felt guilty that we've played a lot and some of the other bands are just beginners."

At this point both Yakelashak and guitarist/singer Michael Kissinger interrupt by saying that this is the Papillomas "first trip across the water" to play a show and that, as a band, they

are unknown in the Vancouver scene and therefore have no advantage over the other bands. "We've gotta be one of the plainest bands there are," says Yakelashak. "Almost every band that we've seen play at Shindig has a major gimmick."

For The Papillomas, being plain works. Jangly rock tunes coupled with satirical lyrics that range from Ted Nugent to bad haircuts are played perfectly by this quartet that hails from both Victoria and Nanaimo. The only problem with this band is that they do absolutely everything to avoid talking about their music.

"Hey, do you know what that's called, when it's cut short in the front and long in the back?" asks Kissinger, avoiding the subject of his song lyrics. "Hockey hair."

"I actually knew a hockey player who was always talking about how he wanted to get a perm," pipes in Yakelashak. "He was not that confident with himself that he could go get a perm, but he was always talking about getting a perm in the back and then getting it really short all on the top. But not too short. Long enough so he could still feather it. I thought that was pretty amazing."

Humour, especially sarcastic humour, plays a dominant role in The Papillomas delicate balance between friends/bandmates and mortal enemies. "We have a number of serious songs we have done," says Blackman, "and usually about a month or two after writing them, Mike believes that they're unbelievably cheezy and refuses to play them ever again."

While Kissinger may not want to be the next Barenaked Ladies, he does inject a lot of energy and some witty bon mots into the bands' live shows to keep the spaces between songs chocked full o' yucks. A favour-

ite target of Kissinger seems to be Vancouver's alterno-flavour of the month, Moist, which he has no qualms about making fun of.

"Someone was saying that when I introduced ourselves as Moist, that there was a drunk guy in the audience who said, 'Man, I love these guys, I've always wanted to see them.' It had to be explained to him that we were just making a joke," laughs Kissinger.

So, don't look for a message in The Papillomas music and don't expect to see any hockey hair on stage (although that would make a good gag... can you buy hockey hair wigs?), but do note that The Papillomas have this uncanny ability to make the strangest things happen when they're grouped together in the same space. The Papillomas remain a puzzling enigma, raising more questions than they answer. In fact, one of the few questions that they could answer outright was the question burning in everyone's minds: If The Papillomas, Meow and Underwater Sunshine had a grudge match of Twister™, who would win?

"We'd win, we'd crush them," exclaimed Blackman enthusiastically.

"Well, we'd break them, we're too heavy," added Kissinger.

"We are one of the largest bands around," said Yakelashak.

After a moment of silence to ponder this great stumper of science and brightly coloured plastic polka dots, the band came to an unlikely yet prophetic conclusion.

"Meow would win. They're pretty agile and there's only three of them, so they would win," said Kissinger.

"Hands down," said Blackman. "Meow would win hands down."

# SHINDIG

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# MEOW!

## by Sean Raggett

Crowned the champions of CTR's annual Shindig competition for 1994, Meow are here to play the new dance everyone's talking about: kitty-rawk. With the fresh victory in mind, *Disorder* was curious to hear what the three furballs had to say. Hot on the local music scene, Meow is: **Toby Black** (guitar and vocals), **Corrina** "c.c." Hammond (bass and vocals), and **Neko Case** (drums and vocals).

Here's the real kitty litter:



What are your previous band experiences?

Neko: My first band was called The Del-Los. After that I played around with a lot of people, then in 1991 I formed The Propagans with John Adkins (Seaweed), Laura Woods and Shawn Stern. That was great but we had problems because John's contract (with SubPop) states that he can't record with any band but Seaweed, so that squashed our hopes of putting out a single which was too bad because we kicked ass. Toby: The John Denver Song Book. c.c.: The Hal Leonard Bass Book Volume 1. I haven't finished it yet.

What are your musical influences?

T: The John Denver Song Book. N: There's too many to keep track of. The Champs for one, extremely inspiring. They're lo-fi but they shake the pillars of hell. The Flat Duo Jets are my favourite band ever. The only time I've ever been star struck is when I met Dexter Romweber. My influences are very wide ranging, anywhere from Fred Lane to Bessie Griffith and the Gospel Pearls.

How does it feel for you, Meow, to be at the top of the Vancouver rock scene? N: Sort of like the murky, skinky (sic) bottom of the rock heap. Toby: If we were actually at the top I'd be gettin' a lot more tail. c.c.: About as good as when I won the kick-boxing championship last summer.

ally fun. I don't know, it was a great experience.

Did you dress up?

N: My partner, January, and myself, we were supposed to be dressed up like Ann Margaret in *Viva Las Vegas*, so we had these sort of bad renditions of her outfit where she's in the gymnasium dancing with the King.

Is it true that there are more gunshots in East Vancouver than in Tacoma?

N: Absolutely not (laughs). There's no place more violent and gunridden than Hilltop, Tacoma - at least on the West Coast - according to a huge statistic, but I don't know for sure any more. Maybe Oakland has us beat by now, but I doubt it.

How was your Shindig experience?

N: It was o.k. We just wanted to play some shows, we didn't care about the competition part. It was embarrassing when we won. We didn't deserve to, but that's not our fault, it's the judges' fault. The final was so ridiculous. The Papillomas should have won. End of story. They were so great to eat it though. They weren't even mad! They invited us to come play a show with them in Nanaimo. They were stellar human beings and a rockin' band - buy their stuff. Go to their shows. c.c.: The overall experience was disappointing because we didn't get paid for those damn gigs. Toby: It was ironic that we won. On the comment cards the judges hated us. Our favourite one stated that we "should be put to sleep."

N: Yeah! Lots of people think we suck, and in their minds I'm sure we do. But ours is the only opinion that matters. When you start out in a band it's so much more fun to be arrogant and make a big joke out of it than feel all self-conscious about it. The music industry is just a

We're no less important than anyone else's fucking band, even if we don't have our "chops" up. Besides, we happen to be very friendly, down-to-Earth, no bullshit-type people with great senses of humour. You don't have to take us seriously, but don't take us for a bunch of chumps.

You did win. And what were you wearing?

c.c.: Fun fur bikinis. T: Yeah, that's what we always wear.

Do you have any "meows" in your songs?

c.c.: Fun fur bikinis. T: Yeah, that's what we always wear.

Glimicks?

N: Well if fur bikinis aren't gimmick enough, I don't know what is. T: Yeah, exactly. N: We should at least get credit for wearing c e m b e



cause they're sort of hot. We actually were accused of presenting ourselves as sex objects by some judge at Shindig and we were really mad because it's really stupid if you think we look sexy in those outfits; you need some psychological help - we look ridiculous. Take your feminist manifesto and stick it in your butt because we're not.

Maybe it's the fur?

c.c.: The fur is sexy? T: It makes us all titchy. N: It makes us all look weird. T: Like stuffed animals.

There's another band in this year's Shindig called Groverfurr. They won their round - who knows, maybe they'll catch on and start wearing fur bikinis too!

T: And fuzzy noses. c.c.: Maybe they'll be even furrier! (both laugh) N: They win if they wear fuzzy noses.

What are you going to do with your prizes?

T: All I wanted was the leather gig bag. N: We're going to make the best record of 1995, if not the decade. c.c.: I'm glad we won because now we won't have to fight over the gig bag.

Where are the cool thrift shops in Tacoma?

N: Where aren't the cool thrift shops in Tacoma? They're everywhere. South Tacoma Way, anywhere in Lakewood, some Sixth Avenue stuff, I don't know. Probably Bargain Village, or Thrift City, any of those places.

Goodwill used to be OK, but it's not as good as it used to be. Tacoma's cheap, and it's got more huge, cheap thrift stores than anywhere else in North America. But it's my hometown, so I have to beef it up a little.

How about Vancouver?

Where's a good place to go the shopping north of the border? T: Salvation Army's good. c.c.: I like the Value Village in South Burnaby, when you go down Kingsway. That's a good one.

and Neko made hers. T: Corrina's mom made them (laughter).

No, really, what if someone who comes to see your show wants to buy a fur bikini? Who knows, maybe it's the next big thing?

N: They are labour - I never want to make another one again.

c.c.: It's a lot of work and those little hairs get everywhere.

But say when you guys get really big and start playing the Coliseum, people are going to line up to buy Meow paraphernalia... What kind of stuff would you sell? Would you sell bikinis?

N: (all laugh) They'll be for sale right next to our Meow big pants. c.c.: And our chained wallets.

N: No, actually we would probably sell shoehorns or something. I don't know.

Who's hot on the Vancouver scene right now?

c.c.: Boer and the Mount Pleasant Community Center Choir. Toby: Pocket Caligula. N: The Bastard Makers featuring "Balls Deep."

What material can Vancouver expect from its #1 band in the near future?

c.c.: We have an upcoming single on Twist-Like. This Records from Houston, Texas. Twist-like-this is Matt Murriello's record label; by day he's a nurse, by night he has a band of his own which is yet to be named. Meow will be the first single followed by two Houston bands called Pretty Boy and Well-Def Smile.

N: It better have a flattering likeness of me on the cover. Toby: I hope my vocals are louder than everyone else's. c.c.: We recorded with Dave Carswell and John Collins at Playboy's Closet Studio in West Vancouver. We highly recommend it. Most professional, there's a fridge downstairs, places to sit down - it's excellent. John and Dave were excellent, very patient. They're very patient, soft-spoken and tall. Tall men are excellent at mixing, they really are.

Anything else you'd like to add?

c.c.: Play some Meow rock. N: Are we all leaving? T: I don't have anything to add. N: We're not a gril band. Because I'm actually a man. So if anyone ever says gril band I'm gonna kick their ass from here to next week.

T: Neko's the violent one in the band.

WE'RE HERE TO HAVE FUN. FUCK THOSE SNÖTTY PAVEMENT-WORSHIPPING ALT-ROCKERS AND THEIR ILK.

looked ridiculous, so it was great. It was a great time, we got to travel all over the place and we came up here once and did a Nardwuar show which was re-

bunch of schmoozy bullshit. We're here to have FUN. Fuck those noisy Pavement worshipping alt-rockers and their ilk.

sexy and we don't pretend to be and we don't care. (c.c. laughs throughout)

Is that where the fur bikinis came from?

c.c.: No, those came from Texas,



# STRAIN

BY SEAN RAGGETT

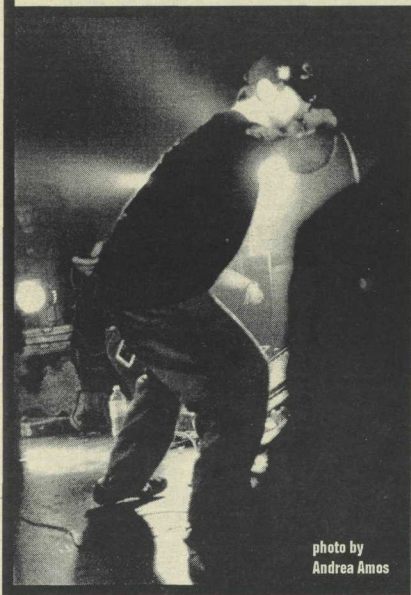


photo by  
Andrea Amos

Strain are a heavy duty hardcore band, no question about it. Their music is hard, brutal, and hypnotically intense. Their powerful, almost threatening sonic assault is a testament to their love for heavy, angry, aggressive music (Sick of it All, Snapcase, Undertow, Orange 9mm). The virtue of hardcore and all of its various mutant offshoots, such as thrash, speed and death metal, is its sheer physical mass, its hopeless blackness, its trembling extremity. Yet its energy, its sheer passion that slowly evolves, draws you in - if not for the decibel overload, then for the grandiose illusion that these five men are about to shake this world to its foundations...

Based in Vancouver, Strain have been actively involved in the local and Northwest music scenes for almost three years. Confident of their energy and collective talents, Eric (bass), Sean (vocals), Jody (guitar), Len (drums) and Greg (guitar) are well aware of their impact beyond the local scene, especially in a time when punk music is becoming more mainstream by the minute. Each member has extensive musical experience within the hardcore realm: Eric played bass with skate-influenced Fratricide and Headfirst (which eventually became BNU), Len drummed for Winnipeg's Fine Grind before he called Vancouver home. Sean played

guitar with Brand New Unit, Last Straw, and Overstep, and guitarist Greg currently plays with Vancouver emo-rockers Atom Smasher. One definitive quality of Strain is their frequent lineup changes: Sparkmarker's Kim Kinakin was once in the band; Eric has left and then returned to his bass duties; and Strain guitarist Greg was in fact very recently replaced by BNU guitarist Jinx.

Interviewed in their practice space (which they share with S.N.F.U., Sparkmarker, Taste, Wheat Chiefs and Moist - "This is where the big bands are brewed," jokes Len), Strain was eager to talk with *Disorder* for the first time: "They hate us - they're wimps and they like bands like cub," pesters Sean...

Speaking with the band after their December show at Crosstown Traffic with fellow hometown destined-to-be-stars supergroup Sparkmarker, Strain's subtle stature was surprising. Explosive on stage, the five members were relaxed and spoke smoothly but without concern, touching on topics such as live punk performance, opening for Metallica, Canadian labels, signing a major label deal, riot grrrls and the recent influx of punk into the mainstream.

Since their union in 1992, Strain have toured extensively: Vancouver, Victoria, Kamloops, Whistler, Calgary and Edmonton, and down the west coast of the USA to San Diego. The band is notorious in the Northwest for their wildly energetic (and sometimes out of control) live performances.

"The last time we played in Redmond (near Seattle) with Undertow there were 600 people at a renovated firehall, and I guess some people got a little more aggressive than usual in the pit. The barricades in front of the stage got broken down and it was pretty crazy," Eric boasts, obviously proud of the unforgiving power of Strain's music.

After witnessing Strain's capabilities live, it becomes apparent that each performance has the potential to become a catalyst for testosterone-fueled frat-punk rockers to release their unbridled aggression in the pit. While mayhem reigns on the floor, the sound

of Strain's music is magically cathartic in the sense that such an intolerable cacophony can emanate from only five men. On stage, Sean's voice transforms into a monstrous entity enraged and hideous beyond recognition.

While the excitement of a Strain show may temporarily sweep away rational thought, each audience member must keep in mind that any outwardly negative actions toward the venue or other people may have a permanently detrimental effect for future shows. Since almost all punk shows are promoted and presented by volunteer efforts, those who really "fuck shit up" ultimately reduce this likelihood. Strain seem mildly concerned about this.

"It was a lot of fun, but I guess they're having trouble with wanting to do bands like Undertow and Strain again because of the fact that it got a little out of control," says Eric. "Because those shows are all community-run programs, they're all under scrutiny because of the Undertow/Strain show. They're run by the city, they're city youth programs." Morons put the scene in jeopardy.

Having built up a solid base of loyal followers with their many underground performances, Strain was given an opportunity to reach a new and wider audience last year when the band was invited to perform on the side stage during the Metallica and Suicidal Tendencies show at Thunderbird Stadium (U.B.C.). While many people would kill for such an opportunity, Eric brushes it off as no big deal.

"It was nothing. We got to experience first hand a lot of rock star bullshit, all the politics that go behind it. You know, we couldn't go certain places, we were treated like shit."

Pausing, he reflects for a moment and then adds, "But you know, I had a lot of fun. It was cool."

The other members seem to agree, and in addition to performing in front of a stadium-size audience with potential armies of Strain fans in attendance, the hardcore combo were also honoured with a nationally televised interview last year on the nation's music station,

MuchMusic.

While there's no doubt Strain is currently one of the foundations of Vancouver's hardcore scene today, along with the likes of Sparkmarker, Brand New Unit and Facepuller, the group is highly critical of Canadian labels and the local scene in general.

"We would never think of doing anything with a Canadian label. It would be completely pointless for us, a total waste of time," spurs Eric.

Why the lack of trust and faith? "Canada's market is so small, they'd never be able to do anything with us anyway. Canada's population is smaller than Southern California's population. How are you supposed to have an audience in Canada?" he spitters.

But isn't it up to bands like Strain to get out there and show the world that we're not made up of Bryan Adams and Crash Test Dummies clones?

"Well, yeah, it's a goal," Eric concedes.

Even if their arrogant display of anti-nationalism toward our Crash Test Dummies/Barenaked Ladies-saturated country seems callous and lacking, Strain seems indifferent. Besides, the band can afford to be cocky. Jody explains, "We had an A&R rep from Atlantic records come out to see us and BNU. He really liked us, we got along great, we talked a lot."

Eric agrees, "We're blessed with the fact that all three of the bands that he really likes are from Vancouver."

Because quality underground acts have traditionally comprised a minority in Canada, promoters may unconsciously hold negative preconceptions of Canadian bands.

"Because it's an American company," breezes Eric coolly, "they have trouble working with Canadian artists - it's a problem."

"People think Canadian, they think Bryan Adams, Rush," notes Sean, "They think Canadian, they think cheesy."

With the presence of major label hawks buzzing in the background, I was especially curious as to Strain's position in regard to signing to a major label. Virtually all independent bands start as



a D.I.Y. operation, extremely wary and definitely opposed to large, integrity-sucking corporate operations. Fortunately, there are hundreds, if not thousands, of independent labels in North America who release music for its artistic - as opposed to its financial - merits. However, after years of dedicated performing, touring, and recording, many underground groups eventually shift their attitude towards the multinational entities. As Len noted, if the sound is good and "marketable", they will inevitably be a money-hungry major label willing to distribute a band's "product" to the masses. In the eyes of many indie rockers, however, there is a deep price to pay for the decision to sign. The altruistic intent of any indie band is quickly and automatically cast into doubt soon after the ink has dried on the dotted line. Are they producing music for the dollar return, or for the pure enjoyment of crafting their art? In short, do they

Justifications seem to flow freely. With the air of the kid sitting at the front of the class in elementary school, Jody finally concludes, "Obviously the only way it's gonna be heard is on a major label."

Most readers will now be familiar with names like Offspring and NOFX, bands which have recently hit it big on commercial radio. The largely overlooked similarity between these bands is that, in light of their commercial success, they are both signed with an independent label, Epitaph records. And they are bands which, as Eric implores, "Are all making big bucks. People in those bands own houses. They don't have to work - let's put it that way."

Or, as Jody succinctly sums up the hot action of late within the music industry machine, "Punk pays."

One fact that is often overlooked when accusations of selling out are batted about in relation to Offspring et

nothing about the scene," confirms Eric, "but judging from tonight, it's getting better. They might listen to Metallica or Slayer or whatever and really be into good heavy music, but they know nothing about the hardcore scene."

With talk of major label interest in underground Vancouver bands, Strain are quick to criticize local promoters who view them and other local groups as merely open.

"BNU, Sparkmarker, Strain and Facepunch are all of the same calibre of a lot of the touring bands that come to town and no one pays attention to them, partially because people don't know the [true punk scene] exists. I think the way local bands are dealt with here is totally lame," complains Eric.

"We're just taken for granted," he continues, "and there's bands out there that are really fuckin' bunk, like DDT and Salvador Dream, who are being marketed as being alternative and they're

know what I mean?"

Eric's rather sweeping views may alienate those who have chosen to sign and play music for profit in the majors. Unfortunately, neither Eric nor the other Strain members take the time to explain exactly how and who and what decides whether a band is "worthy" of moving to the majors. But what of the distant possibility that Strain themselves could become a big hit in the future, carried away by punk's invasion of the mainstream? After all, they do practise in the same studios as Moist!

For many long-time fans of the band, the notion that Strain could abandon themselves to a life of corporate whoredom seems ridiculous. What may not be so clear is the group's position on punk rock straight-edge ethics.

"First of all, Strain is not a straight-edge band," Eric is quick to point out. "That's something that should be defined because there's only two people in Strain who would seriously call themselves straight-edge. Len is not, I wouldn't call myself straight-edge and Greg is not either. We get lumped into that because that's the kind of music we listen to, that's the kind of music we like to play."

How can you tell if a band is straight-edge? According to Sean, "It's just a sound. Usually the singer's angry, like a loud screaming singer, lots of E-chord. Today's straight-edge is all heavy, pretty much."

Snapease, Unbroken, Earth Crisis, Underflow and Strife - these are some of the names Strain rattle off as their favourite contemporary North American straight-edge bands. But the origins of the straight-edge philosophy can be traced back to a Minor Threat song, one which took a hard stance against a lifestyle of drinking and taking drugs. Since its release in the early 1980's, the song's lyrics have evolved into a way of life for many involved in the underground, those who view these vices as corporate traps.

"It's just not drinking, smoking, or doing drugs and fucking yourself up," claims Sean.

Sex?

"Sex can be a part of it. It's just like anything else, some people take it more to the extreme than others."

One thing that some members of Strain do take a little far is their negative attitudes towards riot grrrls. How many riot grrrls does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

"One, to suck my dick," one charmingly replies.

"One to screw in, and three to write a zine about it," another comically retorts.

Considering the progressive ideals of straight-edge they so adamantly follow, it is paradoxical that some members of the band hold such prehistoric attitudes towards girlfriend. Of course, these attitudes may not necessarily hold constant for all band members.

Every band is only the sum of its parts and each member has their own specific views. Sean and Jody both consider themselves "very straight-edge," while the others do not. Do conflicting philosophies within Strain result in problems when it comes time to book shows? Have any difficulties arisen booking shows at bars, where alcohol is served, when two members follow philosophies which abhor drinking altogether?

"When we first started," explains

Jody calmly, "Sean was really militant about it and took a hard stance about it; we were very, very against it."

"But," he adds, "everybody's lightened up a bit. Sean won't want to play a bar show, I won't want to, Eric and Len want to. You've got to have a common ground."

Whether motivated by an anti-alcohol agenda or simply by a desire not to exclude fans who are below the drinking age, one of the only alternatives to playing at a bar is to hold an all-ages event where no one is formally excluded. But even all-ages, D.I.Y. shows suffer from an invisible irony in that they put a different type of exclusion into effect.

Eric explains:

"The concept behind an all-ages show is that you don't expect anyone from being there; anyone can come. But a lot of people won't go to an all-ages show because they feel uncomfortable hanging out with 15 year old kids. I can understand that, I can relate, because I feel out of place a lot of the time when I'm at an all-ages show. That doesn't mean that I want to go to bar shows, but I feel you're expecting people. By not playing a bar show, there's that whole other group of people who would probably like to see you play, but can't."

Eric shows compassion for both sides, and you might think from the conviction in his voice that Strain are all serious and no fun. But, like everyone else, these men have a lighter side and they too like to play. So what do Strain do for fun? Just ask Jody.

"My friends have a house in North Vancouver and some water company gave them a free 16 gallon jug of water, and just out of the blue we decided to have a contest and drink all this water. There was half of it left and the three of us chugged the whole thing and got really sick. We had it all on videotape, it was pretty cute."

"We drank eight gallons of water between the three of us," finishes Jody, laughing. "We drank and drank and drank until we exploded. Then we went out on the front yard and puked."

So what can Strain fans expect in the coming months as far as material or shows?

"Tonight was the last show we're playing for a while," says Jody. "We're gonna get down to writing and beating up Sean to get some riffs out of him. We really want to have a new set before we play again, so you won't be hearing from us at all probably for a couple months. The new 7" will be out soon, and we'll put it in stores as soon as we get it."

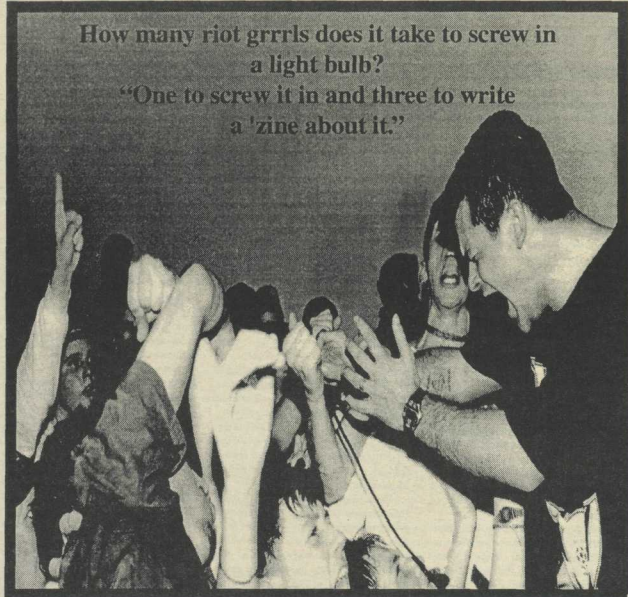
Be sure to check out the brand new Heartfirst Strain vinyl "Catastrophe/Turn the Tide" - a fully weighted hardcore 7" gem on wax - available in stores now. It is ear-pounding, and one of the crispest-sounding hardcore productions ever to emanate from Vancouver.

## DISCOGRAPHY

- (1994) Strain self-titled CD on Overkill Records
- (1994) Track on Excursion Records Northwest hardcore compilation
- (1994) "Driven/Second Coming" 7" on Heart First records
- (1994) 7" on Bacteria Sour Records (Pushback's label - Japan only)
- (1995) "Catastrophe/Turn the Tide" 7" on Heart First records
- (1995) upcoming CD single on Heart First

## How many riot grrrls does it take to screw in a light bulb?

"One to screw it in and three to write a 'zine about it."



deserve it? Obviously, this is a critical decision for a band who seem to have the flag of integrity high, so I asked Strain the big question: Would Strain sign to a major?

"It depends on all the different variables," Eric volunteers.

"If the deal was right," suggests Sean. "It depends how much it was worth."

"If the deal was for maybe three records for over ten years, yeah," concludes Jody.

Fully aware of the impact of their answers, the five punk rockers change their tone. Jody and Sean pair off.

"If you're a good band, your music deserves to be heard," one says.

"If the deal was right," says another,

al is that they are all signed with an independent label: Epitaph Records. And, despite being indie, they have still managed to achieve international interest without the backing of a major label's distribution capabilities.

"Well, Offspring are obviously doing it on an independent, but a lot of people do not know what hardcore is, or that these little labels do exist. To reach the market, you have to be on a major label," Eric states matter-of-factly.

"And you know there's people out there that like it," says Sean. "Because if we play a show where there's not hardcore people they're all stoked, and they don't know anything about it."

"There's a lot of kids who know

not. They're just doing it to make money. I feel like we're all being ripped off. People think it's the shit, but it's totally watered down, it's not underground at all. For example, I saw DDT a little while ago and they were like a completely different band than they were a little while ago - they're catering to what the masses like. They used to be a metal band called Juggernaut but they weren't making any money so they cut their hair. No one cared about them so they cut their hair and got this new sound. But those are the bands that are respected because people can put on a show with them and they'll make money because they're marketable. The most marketable bands are the most lame, you



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In Olympia, WA it rains almost as much as it does here in Vancouver. Rain can often lead to boredom and boredom can, in some cases, lead to the formation of a band. With nothing better to do, Mikey Dees, Craig Becker, and Brian Spurlin, "do" Fitz of Depression.

Formed roughly seven years ago (though Spurlin has only been with the band for a short time), Fitz of Depression released their first single on their own Mumble Something label and followed that with a contribution to *Face the Music*, a compilation of Boston covers.

Band, says Mikey, adding, "It's not around anymore. Karp and Witkop were also in it. If you see it, don't buy it! It's awful!!!"

Whether or not Boston was a band that the members of Fitz of Depression listened to during their formative years was not a question I wanted to ask, but I did find out that Mike cites Elvis Costello as an influence. As well, and somewhat unexpectedly, he also confessed a fondness for Bow Wow Wow—the early new wavey stuff.

"And then I got into punk rock." In addition to the two singles already mentioned, Fitz of Depression also has a track on *Kill Rock Stars*, the first of three compilations from the label of the same name, and has had singles released on indie labels such as Meat, Blatant, and their current label,

K Records. Explaining the abundance of singles, Craig says, "We tried to do a full length in the past but it got knocked short to a 10 inch. Actually, we really planned it so that we could do the full progression: 7", 10", 12", we're putting out a 14" really soon!"

The 12" Craig refers to is *Let's Give RA Twist*, Fitz of Depression's first full-length release. Recorded in a day and a half by Jack Endino on an eight track in a basement, the album combines loud and fast tracks with others which are slower and heavier and captures the spirit and energy of the band's 7" and live shows. Almost

"It didn't turn out as raw as I thought it would," Mikey explains. "The three of us in a small room with an eight track - you'd think it would turn out all raw and punk rock, but it actually turned out..."

...a little bit slick, I offer.  
...the slickest thing we've done!!  
*Maximum Rock 'N' Roll* gave us a really bad review, they said we were a really slick punk band!"

Despite being a hotbed of indie-rock activity, Fitz of Depression's hometown of Olympia (K Records, Kill Rock Stars, Yo Yo A Go Go) is almost completely lacking in good venues for bands to play in. Other than the Capital Theater, bands are left to choose between a bunch of bad bars with bad sound systems and, as a result, the Olympia scene is largely for

export only.

"It's a supportive scene, big time," states Craig, "but it's not like your normal scene. It's kind of weird, most of the Olympia bands put out records and tour. It's never like, 'Which local band is going to play at the bar this weekend!'"

Having been on tour a time or two themselves, Craig and Brian have had the chance to form lasting impressions of many of the towns and cities they've played in. Without hesitation, trio cite Albuquerque, New Mexico as the worst place to tour.

"The audience was throwing food at Karp! That place is terrible! Don't go there!!!"

Fortunately, Fitz of Depression has yet to suffer the fate of Karp. The band has, however, had to deal with what they call the 'creepy moustache crowd'.

"Although it really depends on if it's an all ages show or a bar show and what radio station is supporting it," Mikey notes. "Our audience has definitely changed from a few years ago, so sometimes we get [the creepy moustache] crowd!"

Before heading out on tours of both the US and Europe, Fitz of Depression will be looking out for any creepy moustache types when they play with DOA and Gashuffer in Seattle on February 11th. See you there.



In July of 1994, one of Vancouver's best kept musical secrets swept past all their peers and landed themselves a contract with one of the biggest independent record labels in music history. They are Zumpano and their new home is SubPop Records, a label whose claim to fame is as obvious as the jealous urine running down your leg. Legendary for launching the careers of Nirvana, Mudhoney, Soundgarden, Sebadoh and Velocity Girl, SubPop has been at the center of independent rock action for as long as they've existed. And now they've found a new pet project just three hours north of the label's Seattle world headquarters...

Zumpano is made up of four talented local hepsters: lead singer and rhythm guitarist Carl Newman, drummer Jason Zumpano (hence the band's moniker), bassist Scream Niemann, and, playing piano and lead guitar as well as providing back up back up vocals, Mike Iedwidge. Mike's only other local musical project he's proud of is his stint in Glee, a brecklian punk-lounge theatrical band from the late 80's that also counted Jason as one of its members. The indie-rock veteran of the group, Carl has enjoyed several years screaming his lungs out for local heavies Supersound, as well as performing in the low-key, mock Christian pop band Thee Crusaders. And as for Victoria transplant Scream, his last musical outing was in the mid-eighties with drunken Victoria pop band the Bedspins.

A complete band for a couple of years now, Zumpano debuted on vinyl in November 1994 with their SubPop single "Wraparoundshades," a record that introduced Zumpano to the world as a highly intense pop band whose sound hearkens back to the golden era of pop music: the late '60's and early '70's. And while one could accuse the band of recycling sounds from a bygone era of rock 'n' roll, the foursome openly admit their fervent lust for '60's pop: without it there would obviously be no Zumpano.

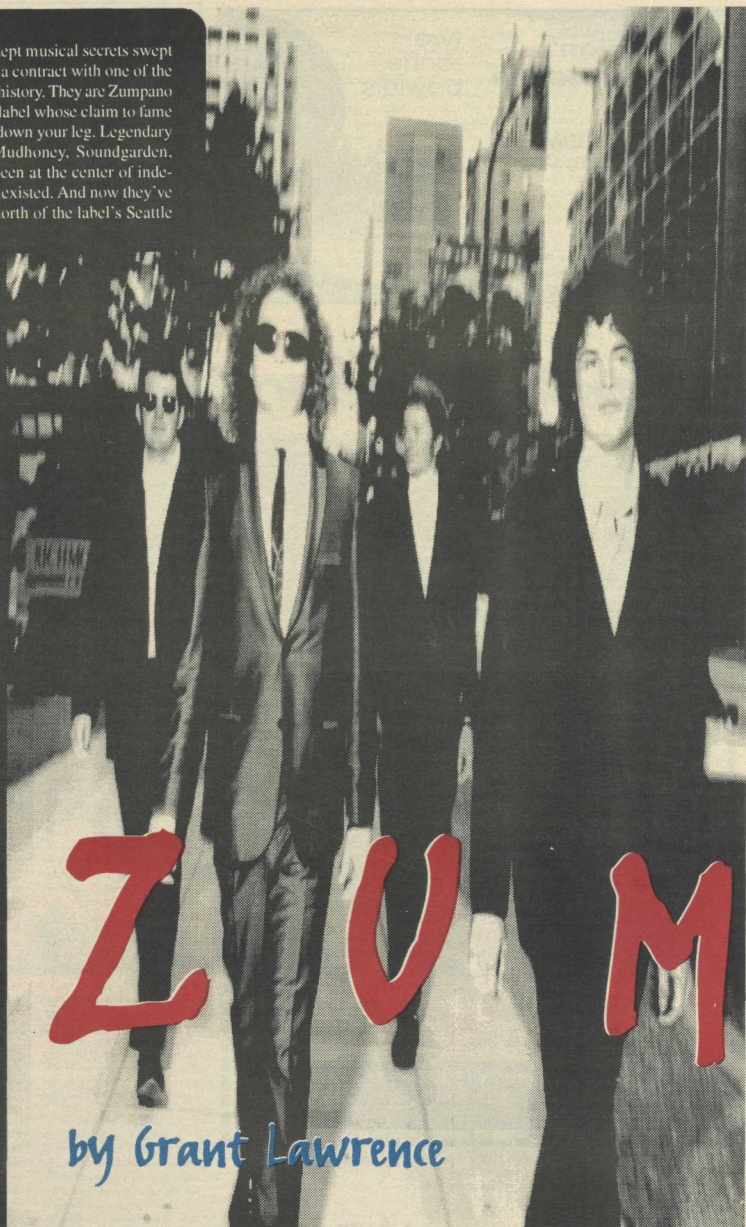
Equipped with the musical ingenuity of '60's pop pioneers like the Association, the Hollies, the Beach Boys, the Byrds, and the Mamas and the Papas, Zumpano's own songs can easily be interspersed with odd cover tunes by such forgotten rock 'n' roll songwriters as Jimmy Webb. You know a band is hitting its mark when you can't tell the cover from the originals. But does that make its music derivative?

"Absolutely. Excitingly derivative," enthuse Carl and Mike in unison.

"We play '60's music," explains Mike, "but we're not the Astronauts or the MC5 or the Smugglers. We're...easy listening from the '60's."

"I would say we sound like all pop music from my perspective," continues Carl. "If you strip our songs down I just think they sound like normal pop songs, but when we start playing them, we start adding things in, and it sounds very '60's-like. There's lots of arrangements."

The songs the band decides to cover are usually fairly obscure. On the b-side of the "Wraparoundshades" single, for example, there's a Jimmy Webb tune. And sandwiched in the middle of the new album there's another





Webb song? Given this apparent admiration for the man's songwriting skills, one would think that the band would be eager to talk about his influence on their music. Or perhaps not.

"I hate talking about Jimmy Webb, but OK," Carl begins reluctantly. "In the late 60's when Jimmy was 17 or 18 he moved out from the mid-west to California to make it big as a songwriter. But he sold all his rights to some company just so they would let him record them. One of those songs was 'By The Time I Get To Phoenix' and that became a huge, classic song! He wrote 'Galveston', 'Wichita Line', 'MacArthur Park' and 'Up Up and Away In My Beautiful Babylon'."

"Jimmy Webb had apparently never written a song before," adds Mike, "then he fell on his head and started writing all these great songs."

Reluctant as they may be to reward the subject of Jimmy Webb, the band is downright hostile when it comes to the origin of their new album's title, *Look What The Rookie Did*. As soon as I bring up the subject, both Carl and Mike become flustered and basically refuse to comment.

"It's from a film," Mike reveals, "but that's as far as I can go. It's a direct quote but we can't say where from. It's way too important in my life right now to share with a fuckin' magazine."

Carl is no more forthcoming: "Haven't you ever had a secret that you just can't tell anyone? It's one of those things that people don't understand when you tell them. They kinda just think that you're a sick bastard. It's the kind of thing you could never tell your parents, and that's as much as we can say about our title."

Adding to the mystery surrounding this enigmatic combo is Zumpano's strange, almost inexplicable symbolism: On the cover of their 7" single there is a fire engine, and on the back, a hot pepper; the titles of the two songs on the single are "Wraparoundshades" and "Orange Air"; on the front cover of the album there's an image of two firemen trying to douse a flaming Volkswagen bus. Fire and heat seems to be a constant theme in the Zumpano universe. So

what's with all this hot stuff? Are the members of Zumpano even aware of this underlining motif of heat that I've discovered in their work?

"No!" exclaims Carl. "But wait! Oh my god! 'Orange Air' is a slang term for fire!"

"It's because we're fuckin' hot, man!" counters Mike. "We are on fire all the time! There's too much cool! Let's look at Veruca Salt: they reek of cool! There's too much cool music like 'Exile On Main Street' (Stones album circa. 71). We wanna be hot like 'Undercover Of The Night' (Stones album circa. 83)."

Whatever its temperature, *Look What The Rookie Did* shines brightly with thirteen sensational songs of textured, retro-fitted genius. Besides outstanding songwriting and accomplished musicianship from all four band members, some of the album's finer points are the detailed arrangements and recording techniques. According to the band, producer Kevin Kane (former member of the Grapes of Wrath) is responsible for capturing much of their definitive character on tape, bringing to a head many of Zumpano's soaring melodies and superior song structures.

"He produced a lot of our record, he tuned our guitars, and he sets our amps so that they sound good," says Carl. "If we're sitting there trying to figure out the arrangement, he'll go no, I don't think that sounds any good."

"He's a real hands-on producer," continues Mike. "Kevin Kane is a guy from Vancouver who knows how to make pop records. He knows how to make 'em sound real sweet."

One of the most readily noticeable aspects of Zumpano is that, unlike the current trend of no-talent-needed pop bands, the combo has an uncanny knack for actual singing, harmonizing and being able to play their instruments with a cocksure confidence and talent almost unheard of in and around our new-fangled indie-rockers. Hoping to get to the bottom of that jazz, I asked if any of the boys were classically trained musicians.

"Uh, that would be me," confesses Mike. "I was in the Vancouver Youth Symphony. I've played the piano since I was five. In 1980, it was great to play the piano. You know, 'Glass Houses' was big. But

by the time I was 15 it wasn't too cool anymore - U2 was on the charts. But I remember Billy Joel winning a grammy and thanking his mom for the piano lessons. In a somewhat lesser degree, I guess that's me now!"

In addition to being unusually skilled musicians, Zumpano are also a band who, like a spare few combos of late, actually give the audience a little more on stage than their steadfast tunes. Zumpano like

boys - without all the... unpleasanties."

"It's actually an amazing stroke of luck," Carl continues. "It's exactly what we needed to have happen to us. We've always complained that we wanted to make a different, special album, but we never had the money to do it. You know the story, you're playing shows and you're making one hundred or two hundred bucks at these rip-off clubs, but to make a good al-

bum, we didn't give a fuck what anyone thinks!"

I wonder if Carl means 'up there' as in up on stage or up there as in musical ego like...

"Michael Bolton?" offers Mike. "Both."

"Just sheer punk rock attitude," concludes Carl.

The recent big news with SubPop is the not-so-surprising fact that one of the world's most highly acclaimed indie label has finally sold out to a major corporation. Last month, Warner Brothers bought 49% of SubPop, throwing another cool 20 million smackeroos onto the SubPop heap.

"We...we can't...we don't know anything about that," mutters Mike before Carl (almost) sets the record straight:

"I asked them about it and they said nothing much will change, they'll just have a lot more money to work with. I know they all made a hefty chunk of cash. It was rumored that Pavitt left, but when I asked him he said no, he was staying put."

When Zumpano signed to SubPop, the label was still 100% independent. But now, like it or not, the band is effectively on a major label. Do Carl and Mike have any qualms about the change of sides?

"There's some people that will make a major fuss," replies Mike, "but if SubPop keeps putting out records people want, then people will still buy them no matter what SubPop is affiliated with."

"Believe it or not," adds Carl, "SubPop just had their best fiscal year ever, what with Sebadoh, Velocity Girl and Sunny Day Real Estate, and, of course, Nirvana's back catalogue. They were in a very good bargaining position."

As yappy-mouthed as Carl becomes when the subject turns to the fiscal finery of the SubPop machine, Mike remains cautious.

"We...we can't really talk about this. You know, we're really well shielded from this stuff. Um, let's put it this way: it's still the same credit card that comes out at dinner: it says SubPop."

Dinner? Credit card? Obviously, the signature on SubPop's dotted line carries a lot more weight than just a lousy of album released on the label. Welcome to the world of the famous "SubPop

Perks-O-Plenty." Not only have at least two members of Zumpano been spotted wearing official SubPop™ wrist-watches, but word has it Jason and Mike were sent to Boston for New Year's to "party" on the SubPop credit card and that in September '94 the band was flown to the Maritimes for the Halifax Pop Convention. Word also has it that SubPop plans to fly the band to New Orleans next month for just one single performance with Sebadoh. So are all the rumours true?

"No, no, no!" declares Mike vehemently. "Our east coast rep gave us her frequent flyer points for New Year's. She never uses them because SubPop flies her everywhere. It's not as sleazy as it sounds, really. But it's true, we were there solely to party."

And what about the Halifax Pop Convention when SubPop put Zumpano in a huge, two room suite at the prestigious Lord Nelson Hotel?

"That was a mistake!" protests Mike. "We weren't supposed to get that room! But, hey, we didn't complain. We love Halifax. People in Halifax are nice in the best sense. They're not smarmy...it's not Music West if that's what you think, it's not a disgusting sleaze-fest like that."

"The Halifax Pop Convention wasn't that big of a deal!" confirms Carl. "SubPop spent \$3,000 to fly us there and we played a normal show at the bottom of a bill to about a hundred people and a smattering of applause at the end of our songs! I thought to myself, 'Is this worth it?' We didn't get any good reviews from anybody either!"

As well as being jettied all over North America, Zumpano already have a chunky American tour under their commuterbuds, also courtesy of the overwhelming powers of SubPop. After having travelled down the west coast last November under the punk rock wing of legendary SubPop recording artists The Fastbacks, the band describes their recent November tour with their usual articulate flare:

"The tour was fuckin' A!" exclaims Mike. "There was a lot of fuckin'! We even met up with a Vancouver band called Dos Schisms along the way!"

"It's weird," Carl rumi-





nates philosophically, "the Fastbacks are legends but in a very small kind of way. They're a great band but it's almost like people don't pay that much attention to them anymore because they're not new. If the Fastbacks were to come out right now they'd be like Green Day! They'd be at the top of the charts! The Fastbacks have never been a full time band and they never want to tour. They've only been to the east coast once in their entire fifteen year history!"

"They're incredible people," says Mike. "Kurt Bloch (Fastbacks' manic guitarist) would run into the dressing room every night and scream (in high-pitched squeal) 'Everybody Rock n' Roll!!!!!!!!!!!!'"

"And," notes Carl, "lots of punk rockers liked us. We met Bam Bam from JFA who loved us. He told us, 'It don't

spits Carl, incredulously. "You were so drunk that you don't recall the fact that there was no one there to 'win over'!"

Winning over an uninitiated audience is an arduous task for any band, but it's especially tough for Canadian bands touring the States. As is often the case when a Canadian combo like Zumpano is on tour in the USA, the band is constantly prone to pestering and, at times, harassment, for the sole fact that they are Canadian and therefore a novelty. Let's face it folks, the Yanks are afraid of what they don't know, and they don't know anything about Canada. It's also common knowledge that Canadians are, on the whole, much smarter than Americans, and consequently Canadian bands that choose to tour the States are often on the receiving end of the brunt of American ignorance.

happens to work at Scratch, has a different opinion: "At Zulu, you go in there and... wait, why the fuck should I go in there? They act like they're doing you a favour selling you a record! That's bullshit! Unfortunately I can sympathize, I work at a record store and I'll go out on a limb here. I think the problem is a lot of the people who buy rock music are complete morons! It's like, you almost need a degree in patience to deal with them! They don't know the alphabet! It's a joke!"

From record buyers to booze and bars, the boys continue to assess their humble hometown:

"The hippest watering hole is probably the Archimedes," reveals Mike. "When you've been beaten down by rock n' roll and... chicks... you end up at the Archimedes. It's all about fucking. The worst

"I think the problem is a lot of people who buy rock music are complete morons"

mean a thing if it ain't got that swing, man!"

Zumpano also had the opportunity to perform in one of rock n' roll's most hallowed of stomping grounds, the famous Whiskey A-Go-Go on Los Angeles' notorious Sunset Strip. But as with many of the other shows Zumpano played on the tour, they quickly realized they were the odd-men out musically speaking. Sharing the bill with Zumpano were, along with the Fastbacks, hardcore punkers Down By Law and Black Train Jack.

"The Whiskey A-Go-Go was packed," Carl recalls, "but I think SubPop brought a lot of people out to see us. They liked us, then they left and a whole new crowd showed up to see the rest of the show."

"It was a great show," claims Mike. "Down By Law were good, but Black Train Jack were heavy-duty shit. Total Cro-mags action. But that wasn't our best show. Albuquerque was the best. I got really drunk on Jaegermeister before we played, ran out onto the sidewalk and puked. But we totally won the crowd over that night."

"What????! No we didn't!"

Zumpano was no exception, what with being surrounded by drunk people for most of their trip, but that did not stop the band from openly celebrating their Canadian citizenship.

"We were trying to get our shows down to an art-form," Carl explains. "Zumpano's always been the kind of band with long breaks between songs when Mike is switching instruments (guitar or keyboards) or something..."

"...masturbating..." recalls Mike longingly.

"...so we'd say, 'We're Zumpano! We're Canadian! And we're on SubPop!' Then we'd try to barrel through our set at lightning speed to avoid hecklers."

Safely back in Vancouver, Zumpano's members, although relatively new as a collective unit, can very well be considered an influential voice on our thriving local scene. Not surprisingly, they have some pretty strong opinions about this town, especially its record stores.

"I had trouble buying stuff at Scratch," Mike confesses, "just because it feels like you're under the glass. I go to Zulu a lot."

Not surprisingly, Carl, who

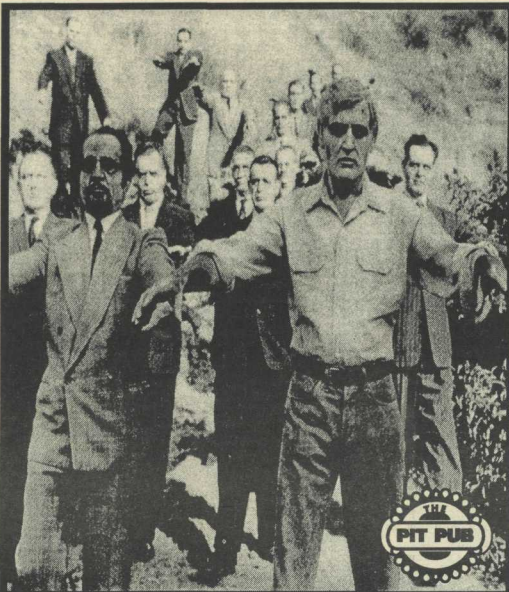
bar has got to be the Town Pump. It's worse than 8th Street ever was."

"The Bourbon was fun," recalls Carl, "but it's over. It's too dangerous. It's all over!"

"In the early nineties we owned this town, man! What happened? Those were the good times..."

"We got old. It's all over now."

On that positive, ironic note, Vancouver's gifted sons begin their career. But the future looks radiant for these dark popsters. Armed with a pure pop album filled with intelligent, intense, and ingenious songs, our rock n' roll rookies enter the big league musical spin cycle as *Look What The Rookie Did* splatters itself all over the world. In the approaching months, there's talk of a cross Canada SubPop Road show featuring Zumpano, Hardship Post and Six Finger Satellite for this summer, improbably titled (according to Carl) "Here Comes The Grunge" or "We Just Can't Stop Rocking." Until then, find *Look What The Rookie Did* (available on both vinyl and CD) and indulge in Zumpano's perpetual pop explosion.



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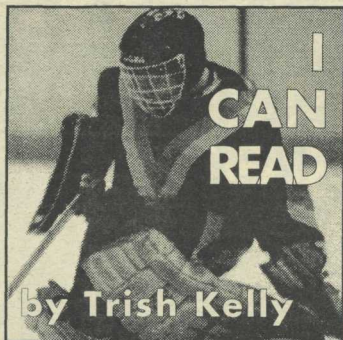
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I am amazed by the high volume of mail I have been receiving lately from zine creators all over the continent. Considering my own half-assed attitude about everything lately, it makes me feel quite guilty that so many people are putting energy into sending me their projects. But I've got things on my mind, okay?

I'm not a complete putz though, and I am keeping busy. I have been traveling down to Seattle a lot, strengthening my connections with our southern neighbours and sweet-talking them into coming up here to spend some of that inflated money of theirs.

I have also continued to write zines of my own. As it has been deemed a conflict of interest for me to review my own zine in my own column, all I can say is you can send me a stamp to get the next issue of \*\*\*\*\* (sorry, I can't tell you the name). I'm not upset about this at all. Let's just say it is an advantage to be anonymous!

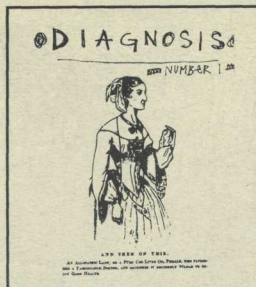
Anyway, enough about me. I have a zillion zines from both sides of the 49th and I'm sure you are just itching to send your stories or money to these nice people.

Read This:

**Cilly #1**  
(8 X 5.5, 20 pages)

First impressions are important. Since I was knee high to a grasshopper I have loved shiny

things, and the cover of this new Vancouver zine has an amazing gold graphic. (Read: I like it already). Inside the light reflective cover, I found some really great writing. The how-to-make a cheap Christmas card section was hilarious and the page entitled "Love and Sex" was so true. The style is very refreshing: not too straight forward, but very deliberate. It isn't very often that this happens, but this premiere issue could already make *Cilly* one of Vancouver's best. Send stamps or a dollar to: 1124 E 12th, Vancouver, B.C., V5T 2J9.



**Diagnosis #1**  
(5 X 6.5, 26 pages)  
In my little world of 'punk' it is hard to get anyone to talk about health or hygiene. No matter how poor or cool we try to be, the fact is that not taking care of our bodies is irresponsible and dumb. And yeah yeah, I know that The Man sucks and doctors are just out to make money for Pharmaceuticals... we don't know what to do!!! That is until Faythe comes galloping in with this very important zine that lists symptoms, causes and natural treatments for all your

complaints. Write her at 12911 N.E. 130 St., Kirkland, WA, 98034.

**Fiat Lux #3**  
(5 X 5.5, 16 pages)  
This minizine focuses on one person's struggle with low self-esteem and that horrible search for validation that we all experience. Writing with courage and honesty, the author offers no solutions, just some reassuring flashes of lucidity. Send stamps to: PO Box 40520, Portland, OR, 97240-0520.

**Idle Wheel**  
(8.5 X 5.5, 28 pages)  
The poetic style of *Idle Wheel* works well with the flashback stories from Avalon's childhood. Lots of personal reflection and examination of this world. Cool graphics and a few music reviews. Send stamps or trades to: 1510 12th St., Everett, WA, 98201.

**Hearts of Dankness**  
This is the side project of Blair, co-creator of *You Ride A Horse Rather Less Well Than Another Horse Would*. Thankfully, he chose a somewhat briefer name for this zine! *Hearts of Dankness* will win points with the hip kids in the crowd as the unifying theme of this little zine is *Star Wars*. Send a stamp to: PO Box 44090 6518 E. Hastings St., Burnaby, BC, V5B 4Y2.

**Montgomery #7**  
(8.5 X 5.5, 16 pages)  
This is an awesome indie-rock zine. Not only does it contain cool band interviews, it also features a monthly sugar-coated cereal. My favourite piece is a short story that proves the high quality of the author's writing. I have to find the address.

**RockPile #5**  
(6 X 4.5, 16 pages)  
The author of *RockPile* bravely looks in the mirror and begins the process of examining personal faults. He is an inspiration for us all to examine ourselves. Well written and easy to identify with.

Send stamps to: PO Box 95383,

Seattle, WA, 98105-2383.

**Roaring Fork Digest #5**  
(5.5 X 4.25, 16 pages)  
The 'Fork' is one of my favourite zines - I look forward to each new issue with anticipation of a great mind fuck. The present set of seemingly unrelated clauses magically form into a zine right before your eyes, and this issue has the added bonus of related photos. Send stamps to this de-ranked boy from the Prairies at: RR #3, Prince Albert, SK, S6V 5R1.



**Some Dumb Girl #2**  
(5.5 X 4.25, 36 pages)  
Once every million years you find a piece of writing that chronicles your life so accurately that you know there must be some stronger reason than mere coincidence. The "Getting Smarter Every Day Girl" does this for many people, myself included. She writes briefly and honestly in a monologue form. Send stamps to: 8 Louis Ave., St. Catherine's, ON, L2M 2N5.

**South Dakota Complete**  
(6.5 X 4.25, 32 pages)  
What I like most about *South Dakota Complete* is the holistic approach Ingrid has towards problems. Her zine offers a glimpse into her analytical mind, and the topics written



about in hit you really hard in the heart, stomach, or whatever organ on your body recognizes reality. And the great layout separates the talented artists from the try-hard weenies like myself. Send stamps or cash to: Box 33 - 345 E. Broadway, Vancouver, BC, V5T 1W5.

More zines that I think could use your mail:

**Star Belly**  
Issue #2 is out and available at local record and skate shops for free. I was warned that this is not political but that if you want to take it easy, this is a good choice. Write to: #9 - 21755 Dewdney Trunk Rd., Maple Ridge, BC, V2X 3G8.

**Solid**  
Side project of another zinester from *Silent Subversion*. 1955 138 St., Surrey, BC, V4A 9M2.

**Dishwasher**  
Stories about guess what! PO Box 4827, Arcata, CA, 95521.

**Platonic Prostitutes**  
Funny girls being cheeky (in a good way!). #4-8191 Gen. Currie Rd., Richmond, BC, V6Y 1L9

**Residential Garbage**  
New issue is available if you write. 624 East 15th St., North Vancouver, BC, V7L 2S2.



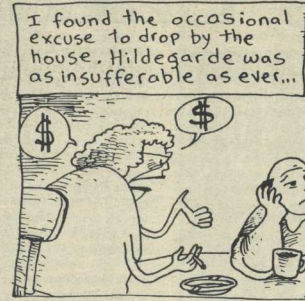
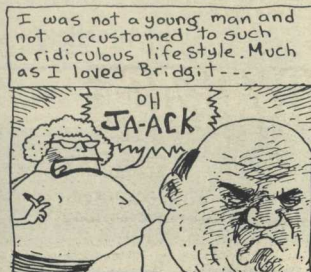
Already I have almost half of next month's reading material! You can expect to hear about these zines: *Delicious Macaroni and Cheese* from New York, *Vile* from Port Moody, local zines *Motoreco* and *Do You Keep Your Brain in a Sandwich Baggie*, plus *Chronicles of a Sub Generation*, a new zine on the Vancouver scene, and *Psycho Moto*, a hardcore treat for all you weirdos. Keep the mail coming.





# A Small Ray Of Light

by Sard & Julian



CONT'D...





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Does anyone know what I'm talking about when I use the phrase "special band"? I'm referring to those influential groups that are often imitated, or instantly recognizable, whether it be through the band's sound, their players, their records, or where the band is from. When traveling outside of Canada, for example, ask anyone into rock'n'roll about Canadian bands. After getting past the usual pup like Bryan Adams and Loverboy, chances are they'll say Nomeansno, D.O.A., or Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet.

This long-standing, three-piece instrumental (not surf) power trio from Toronto have not only set the standards for the modern instrumental sound, they have also played a major role in paving the way for the Canadian "7" single, releasing several in the mid-eighties when no other band would even consider vinyl anymore. After three stellar albums, Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet's crowning success proved to be the provision of the fab soundtrack to another incredible Canadian export, *The Kids In The Hall* TV show.

Sadly, 1995 sees the Shadowy Men taking a full year off to pursue other interests outside of rock'n'roll. Before leaving, though, they have given all of us lousy fans a special Christmas card in the form of a 7" EP called *It's A Wonderful Record*

(Hey, it's February! That means the Christmas singles finally arrive!) The first cut is an awesome SMOASP original tune entitled "Winterfresh" which makes the band's temporary departure from the world scene that much sadder. Following that, the Men's minimalist buddies **MOTO** (from Chi-

ago) take a successful instrumental crack at "Christmas Is Coming", and then our Shadowy Men take the sleigh reins back for the flip's bouncin' "Deck The Halls", complete with a bootlegged special appearance by the Vienna Boys Choir! Then, for the final

number, we are treated to a demented "Twelve Answering Machine Messages Of Christmas" which includes snippets of Christmas carols, a Yuletide message from the Ramones, the reading of Betty White's address, and tips on how to "stuff your bird". No wonder Canada's favourite instrd band is on hiatus: judging by this bizarre "song" they may have gone completely nuts...Have a nice rest guys, and thanks for another great record. (Jetpac, Station C, P.O. Box 645, 1117 Queen St., Toronto, ON, M6J 3R9).

Another late Christmas single comes to us from the brilliant New Brunswick, New Jersey combo **Sit N' Spin!** "Santa Claws" is a pure rock'n'roll hot rod tune having nothing to do with hot rods. Lead singer Heidi provides strong vocals, while bassist Susan sings the sweet back up to create a new Christmas classic right up there with Brenda Lee's "Rockin' Around The Christmas Tree". And things only get better on the b-side with a fast instrumental

good, and the songs are great; that's two good Christmas singles in a row! Unheard of! (Worrybird Disk, P.O. Box 95485 Atlanta, GA, 30347, USA).

Just down the Turnpike from Sit N' Spin in Hoboken, New Jersey live the **Swingin' Neckbreakers**. I reviewed their German single last month, but since I've covered every single these shaggy rockers have ever

over there. This "music" tends to sound like cub if they were, say, retarded Smurfs. To be oh so blunt: completely fucked. If this record wasn't from Iceland, I'd of smashed it by now. (Paul and Laura, Box 1222, 121, Reykjavik, Iceland).

Next is another slab from Montreal's **Tinker**, the band who's bassist left to join Hole. Like their first single - which I so thoroughly dissed - this

pure-pop tradition of all their other fine recordings with the sugary a-side, "Yoga". The b-side contains a perky cover of Some Velvet Sidewalk's "Beachwalkin'", as well as The Pastels' own strange tune called "Olympic Winter Glory". Mixing the Velvet Underground's subtle beatnik cool and Beat Happening's naive simplicity, the Pastels consistently achieve that special band sound. (Mata-dor, 676 Broadway, New York City, NY, 10012, USA).

Next up is a release from San Francisco's **Spoto**, whose "Standing In Your Shadow" b/w "Rock-A-Bye" are two generic, riffin' hard-rockers which are not in the least inspiring nor the slightest bit interesting. The group's only captivating credit may be the presence of ex-Vancouverite Lev Delaney from one of Vancouver's founding punk bands, **No Exit**. For the history write: Rodent Records, 817 Kansas St., San Francisco, CA, 94117, USA).

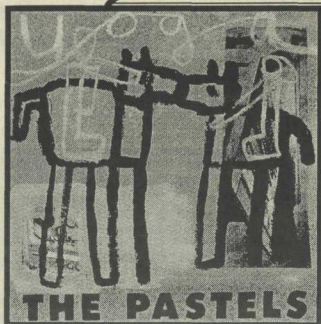
Here's a split single from two French garage rock'n'roll bands, **The Space Beatniks** and the **Shoo Chain Brothers**. Although damned with a terribly generic name, the Space Beatniks zap out some fun, energetic, sax-driven party rock. The Shoo Chain Brothers aren't quite as interesting, being a wee bit too derivative, but on the whole, this is a light, enjoyable listen. (Zombie Dance Records, no address).

One of my most favourite albums from 1994 was **The Queens' "Beat Off!"**, so I was right excited to pick up their new six song EP from Texas' Clearview Records. Alas, I was quite disappointed by the first two songs, "I Like Young Girls" and "Nuni In New York". Gone are the usual solid Beach Boys' harmony-laden punk rock songs, replaced with fiercely fast, non-melodic songs sung with demonic vocals. "Wimpy" starts to get back on track, but the flipside's three songs deteriorate into snarly, aimless speed-punk with nothing really memorable. A very disappointing listen from a very big Queens fan. (Clearview Records, 2157 Pueblo, Garland, TX, 75040, USA).

On this record, the Pastels achieve musical bliss in the record, "Realialie" b/w "Saxon Princess", is more shoe-gazer/slacker/lazy-plodshit which I despise so much! Lordy, it is truly a shame how some of the youth of today are treating pop music! Sure there are the pros, but when the lemming-like amateurs fill up indie-crook it gives the whole genre a dirty, thoroughly diluted feel. (Bear Records, I.A.F. Box 444, New York, NY, 10116, USA).

The aforementioned abundance of mediocrity brings me back to my mention of special bands. Take Scotland's **The Pastels** for example. On their new Matador 7", they have created a recorded atmosphere of explosive and dynamic, yet relaxed pop songs: **QUALITY**, a trait far too many pop bands seriously lack these days. Remember this all you young bands out there: good songs go a lot further than a current attitude or look.

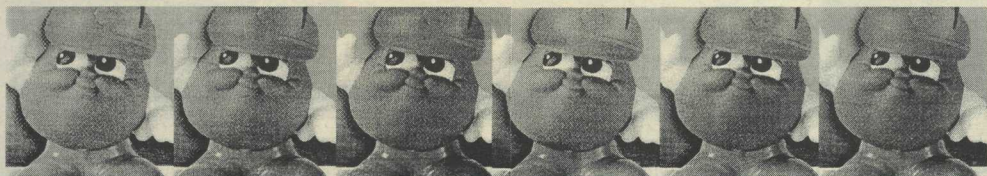
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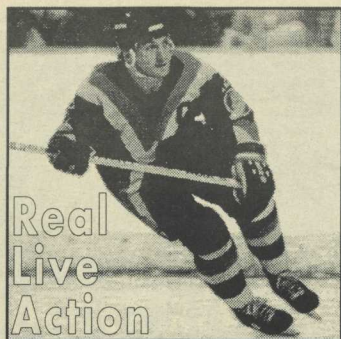
work-over of "Auld Lang Syne" (that song Americans sing at Christmas and New Year; remember the song at the end of "It's A Wonderful Life"? That one.) To end this cruel gift, Sit N' Spin fade out to a creepy, organ-piped "Nightmare Before Christmas". The band sounds

dished, I might as well cover this baby too. The a-side's "I'm In Love With Me" shows the gritty '60s punk side of the group with a cryptic, three-chord growl, while the flip's '50s-style R'n'B song, entitled "Quit Your Belly Aching Baby", shows where the Neckbreakers really shine. No matter what, the Swingin' Neckbreakers can always be counted on for hot rock'n'roll action. (Telstar, P.O. Box 1123, Hoboken NJ, 07030, USA).

You know, kids, while collecting these here 7" records I'm always on the hunt for interesting finds, and by god, this next record is a first! It's a single from Iceland! No joke, it's a five song EP showcasing the Icelandic talents of two chilly cats named **Paul and Laura**. The music is, unfortunately, about as catchy as that lame-o moniker: avant-garde pop, sung in whatever the hell language they talk







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### Town Pump

Saturday, January 21

If Cascadia ever came into existence, whereby British Columbia, Oregon and Washington amalgamated into one nation, there would be no lack of fine domestic pop music. Certainly not with such bands as Pluto and Zumpano from Vancouver and the Posies from Seattle putting out music of the quality that they do. Needless to say, I was excited to hear that all three bands would be playing together at the same gig.

First up on this night was Pluto. Two nights before I saw them at the Pe Pub and found them to be a little lacking in energy. Perhaps the sold-out crowd gave them a boost, because they were a rock-solid, energetic power pop combo at the Pump. Older songs that seemed boring before regained an edge, new songs were immediately catchy, and perhaps the best sign of their strength was that they didn't need to rely on their "hit" songs from their 7 inch releases. They didn't play a single

one during their 35 minute set!

While all of these bands have a penchant for playing and writing poppy three, four or five chord wonders, neither Pluto nor the Posies are as quirky as Zumpano. With odd-metered songs and swinging beats, their late 60's pop influences always come across as kind of kitschy, and strangely appealing at the same time. Their fine cover of a Glass Houses-era Billy Joel song serves as an example of this (it should be noted that vocalist Carl Newman's voice could easily be a dead ringer for the Billy's at times). Unfortunately, I didn't think they lived up to past performances. Technical difficulties befuddled some of their efforts, but even so they came across as un-practiced and occasionally musically clumsy.

And then, the band the capacity crowd were waiting for: The Posies have gone through an overhaul of their rhythm section of late, and I don't know that it has served them well. The players were fine, but as singer Jon Auer pointed out, they haven't learned many of the older songs. In fact, they only played six songs that I've ever

heard in recorded form. About two thirds of their seventy minute set was comprised of completely new and unreleased material which, while good unto itself, didn't leave me feeling that I had seen enough.

I suppose I shouldn't be complaining though. After all, the new songs did sound like they could be future Posie classics, but I still would have preferred to hear a few more from their older repertoire. But these were the Posies after all - it shouldn't be forgotten that their intensity, their superb vocals, and their musicianship were all at full force on this night, and these attributes combined with their songs, both old and new, are what make me one of my favourite bands.

Brian Wieser

## DAYTONA PIPEDREAM SING SING DEADMAN Town Pump

Friday, January 20

I missed the opening band Sing Sing Deadman and Pipedream blew up their amp after about ten minutes, so I'll only be writing about Daytona today.

They had lights. They had fog. They had visuals, too, dwelling on the favorite themes of motorcycles and cars and anything really speedy. Best of all they have great songs, including some new ones. Listening to "Her Bonaville" I watched the synthetic fog stuff come purring down a flat spray of green light beams, the cross section looking like the marbled paper some of you probably made in art class while idiots like me were doing distinctly more unpleasant things. Watching Daytona is more fun than at class. Ask anyone except me. (I never took it, remember?).

Daytona has a relatively new drummer who seems to have settled in nicely since the somewhat rocky twenty minutes of the one-day-to-be-notorious SFU pub show, after which the RCMP closed Burnaby Mountain. They said it was "cause of some sleet and fallen trees, but I think they

just can't stand thinking of all the fun everybody was having and all the years they wasted in cop school when they could've formed kicking bands and had sold parties on the road and wrecked hotel rooms and gotten arrested by what few police there were left. I guess tonight could be considered vindication for the band, if they needed any - a sort of post facto triumph.

This was an evening with a band that has shifted gears and is revving up. You'd better move fast if you want to catch 'em.

Keith Orpen

## SMUGGLERS POTATOMEN WANDERING LUCY Crosstown Traffic

Wednesday, January 18

A few pertinent facts about Crosstown Traffic: it's all-ages, cheap, small, they turn up the TV volume for Simpsons and down for 90120, and they play disc between sets. And now here's what happened.

This modern day troubadour calling herself Wandering Lucy played first on the bill, providing some mellow, lo-fi entertainment for the evening with her always mobile guitar and drum machine ensemble. Although she is of the non-rocking school of music, she managed to impress me with some really good melodies and arrangements that will only improve the more she plays. (Also notable is the fact that - citing "dampness" as the motive for the invention - she actually glues her guitar pick to her finger so it won't slip out!) Listening to "Her Bonaville", founder Lawrence Livermore, The Potatomen heated up the joint with their groovy brand of retro, 50's-style rock'n'roll. Since I last saw them they have added a second guitar to their line-up, and a southern twang to their sound. Their set contained one catchy song after another and the rock didn't let up 'till they was through.

The always supercharged local Smugglers came to rock in their blue velvet V-necks and a sparkly gold motorcycle helmet painted with hot-red flames (a five-dollar value) for lead singer Grant. Despite the refusal of one band member to do the well-rehearsed funky chicken dance, the Smugs did pull off some very gauche rock choreography to their hit song "Reno Nickel". Other smash hits of the evening were guitarist Dave's "Especially You" and the band's smokin' rendition of the now defunct Leather Uppers' "Supercar". Not bad for an otherwise dismal Wednesday evening. And oh yeah... you must go for a Denny's Coke after seeing any gig at this locale.

Steve DiPasquale

## TRUMAN'S WATER NEW BAD THINGS BYING KLAW TRIO Anza Club

Friday, January 13

The Anza Club was an appropriate venue for this gathering of a fine cross-section of the indie-rock community, most of whom were dressed in 70's-style clothing to match the club's 70's-era decor.

Olympia's Irving Klaw Trio

started off the evening's entertainment, but it was difficult at first to tell whether the band was warming up or if what they were playing were actual songs. I guess that the noises were songs, though, since after a few minutes there was a pause and then they continued with more of the same - something like a cross between Polvo and the Thinking Fellers Union. Once my ears grew accustomed to the band's rather sporadic manner of playing, including their seemingly improvised double guitar solos, I quite enjoyed them. My only real complaint was that not once in their entire set did I see the young fellows make eye contact with the crowd. In fact they faced the drum kit the entire time. Turn around guys!

The second band of the evening, Portland's New Bad Things, was by far my least favourite of the three bands playing. Apparently, they did not have any of their own instruments with them, but between sets, they seemed sicker so much, but I tend to think it was mostly from lack of talent. Nevertheless, the band did manage to provide me with one of my highlights of the evening with their personalized rendition of Led Zep's smashing 80's hit tune "Pyromania", performed by the lead singer with only drums for accompaniment. It's just to bad that this cover tune so surpassed the band's own clearly melodic (but we're trying hard to be really different) songs. Can't say I am anxious to see this band again soon.

Before commenting on the night's feature performance, I must mention what a lovely group of boys Portland natives Truman's Water are. They were extremely cooperative when responding to the many drunken and unrelated questions that were directed at them and I would definitely consider the one in the yellow shirt as a candidate for marriage.

Unfortunately, the band's musical craftsmanship on this night was not equal to their outstanding social abilities. They played a solid set, but, with just a couple of rare exceptions, it was quite mundane. Again, this might have been in part due to the sound system at the Anza. I do honestly feel that Truman's Water is potentially a really good band. They are original and have that low-fi sound that is oh-so popular today and I would definitely like to see them again someday.

Despite the inadequacy of the sound system throughout the night, my evening was made special by a kind man distributing small bowls of popcorn around the room. Where he was getting this popcorn from is a great mystery to me, but it was a nice gesture none the less. [This wasn't, by any chance, the same man who claimed to have pissed in the popcorn and who's romantic savvy resulted in his being pursued around the Anza club by a frenzied, numerous mob, was it?..] And while the show may not have been spectacular, it was decent, and I had a good time at the fine and always upbeat Anza Club.

Jane Symond

## SALVADOR DREAM MYSTERY MACHINE TEXTURE

These were actual songs. I guess that

Saturday, January 7

I hadn't even heard of Texture six month's ago, and here they are opening for two of the more interesting local bands: namely the more or less unknown Mystery Machine and the very-definitely-hyped Salvador Dream. These three bands were (in order) good, amazing, and in the case of Salvador Dream, simultaneously unfathomable and exciting.

Texture was good. Their music is made up of the sort of rich atmospheric guitars you might hear from Pull in their quieter moments. Unlike Pull, however, Texture never deviates from their slow, laid-back groove, and apparently have no interest in stage-presence or at least a musical front-al assault. These guys play it safe and rarely take their eyes off their friends. The vocalists had impressive range and control, and some lovely sinister woe melodies. Come the chorus, however, and all too often he resorts to the soaring anthemic melodies expected of AM radio acts. Sort of vanilla. In all, I was quite impressed for the first three or four songs, and then lapsed into inattentiveness. But do see this band.

Mystery Machine was amazing. If you do not buy their new CD, rabid, drooling bare-toothed penguins will descend on your house and poop on everything. For the entire length of their short set I was mesmerized. This is one of the best live performances I have ever seen. The new song "Horn of Plenty" represents a level of sonic brilliance that I've previously only heard from Brit bands such as... well, never mind. Constant attack and fantastic songs, together with high energy on stage made the performance a treat. This despite the fact that they had been sick all week and considered backing out, until, as the singer joked, the Pump offered them "all the crack we could smoke".

Salvador Dream is a strange and unique band. Clearly assembled from hand-picked pros, they are a trio whose collective chops and apparent powers of mental telepathy will knock your dentures out, if the bone-shaking bass noises don't do so first. If anyone found my catdrums rolling around the floor, I'd like them back, please. The Dream is the brainchild of the singer-song-writer-guitar guy Russ, who is a harmonic wonderkid. Some chord changes are so beautiful you just shiver. Some bands manage to alter their sound in a performance, Salvador Dream has one in almost every song. However, I found that they indulged a lot too much in heavy-metal guitar riffing, and various forms of rhythmic overkill, which detracted from some otherwise fantastic songs.

Keith Orpen

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**POISON13**  
*Wine is Red, Poison is Blue*  
(Sub Pop)  
There once was a band called Poison 13. Long ago they were big in the Texas punk scene. They had style, they had grace. They'd even spit in your face. But their fans never thought they were mean.

You see, their anger was fueled by slide guitar strings. And the guttural wail in which Mike Carroll sings. Bass and drums played so loud, It ignited the crowd. Surely both pleasure and chaos this brings!

Yet from chaos what followed was a funeral pyre. So years later Tim Fier formed the great Jack O' Fire. But this New Shining Star. Could only go just so far. Before they felt it wise to retire.

So now the ghost has risen from the dead. With the help of SubPop to rear its ugly head.

For every girl and every boy. Can rejoice and enjoy. What Poison 13 left on their deathbed.

Bryce Dunn

**SOOK YIN-LEE**  
*Lavina's Tongue*  
(Zulu Records)

I don't know much about Sook Yin-Lee or her band Bob's Your Uncle or her exciting new career at MuchMusic, but I did see her dancing around dressed as Elvis the other day. *Lavina's Tongue* is a weird and wacky album, containing eighteen interestingly textured, very original songs and employing every instrument from basic guitar to sax whirlers to even...gulp...a vibrator! Sook Yin hollers, curses and screeches throughout, and while I doubt that she will ever have the satisfaction of seeing her own videos on the Nation's Music Station, she does have a certain spastic charm.

After hearing some of Sook Yin-Lee's musical work, I think I've come to the conclusion that

I would rather hear this than her ranting exploits on Channel Whatever.

Slauth

**ZUMPANNO**  
*Look What The Rookie Did*  
(Scratch/SubPop)  
CUB

*Come Out Come Out* (Mint)  
What better way to start a new year than with two melodious masterpieces from a couple of the brightest stars in Vancouver's pop constellation!

First off, it's recent SubPop signees and *Discorder* cover boys Zumpanno with their first full-length release, *Look What The Rookie Did*. Having just stepped off the Partridge Family tour bus, Zumpanno deliver eleven tracks of superbly crafted sonic bubblegum, each one as sweet and refreshing as a vodka soaked watermelon. Produced by former Grape of Wrath Kevin Kane, *Look What The Rookie Did* is a rare collection of intricately structured, smoothly executed hooks and melodies that come together as a deliciously listenable whole. It may not be a new and original groove - what is - but it sure sounds fresh! Just try not to tap your toes to such subtle swingers as the album opening "The Party Rages On", or the first single (released last November).

"Wraparoundshades." Let Danny Bonaduce slug it out with all the drag queens he wants to, 'cause Zumpanno are behind the wheel now and they are taking off! Next up it's Mint Records' #1 show pony, cub. The first time I saw cub perform live I was amazed at the courage of the three seemingly talentless women who stood before me, fumbling through the simplest of chord progressions and singing their admittedly catchy harmonies with painfully flat and tinny vocals. I pretty much avoided everything they put out after that rather traumatizing experience,

but when someone played me the goofy, hidden techno edit of "My Chinchilla" that closes *Come Out Come Out* I decided to check out what other tricks these three young indie queens had up their sleeves.

I didn't find too many tricks, but I did find one swell album full of catchy-as-a-cold-in-winter pop treats: cub have made a name for themselves by churning out sweet and simple rock'n'roll ditties, and on *Come Out Come Out* they do just that, presenting us with such future hits as their faithful (both in sound and spirit) rendition of the Go-Go's classic "Vacation" (which serves as a subtle delineation of cub's pop heritage) and the charmingly naive "Everything's Geometry": "One is three and three is nine/ we can be happy all the time."

The world has come to expect hot pop wonders from cub, but instrumental virtuosity? Well, they've got some of that too this time round. Lisa M. lays down some solid, driving basslines which, along with the drum kit assault perpetrated by Lisa G., give such future hits as "My Flaming Red Bobbed" an unexpectedly assured intensity. And while the structures of cub's songs may be relatively simple when compared to some of the intricate compositions on Zumpanno's album, the unflinching optimism which fuels *Come Out Come Out* is infectious to say the least. Combine that optimism with a few sharp hooks and bingo! - you're blissing out in the cozy confines of cub's cuddlecore universe.

We may be in the dead of another dreary winter, but to paraphrase *Come Out Come Out*'s opening track - cub are here to wake us with a breezy kiss and Zumpanno are ready drive us far away. So let's go!

Les Vegas

**BETTIE SERVEERT**  
*Crutch EP*  
(Matador/Warner)

You know the feeling when you hear a new release by a band you love and it just makes you want to listen to their old album? Guess it's partly that of sickness called I-only-like-their-old-stuff-snobitis. Or maybe it's my inability to let go of the past. Whatever, it's not just sentimentality. Bettie Serveert have moved on. More instruments (piano, synthesizer), more effects, and, undoubtedly, more money for recording.

If this EP is any indication, Bettie Serveert's upcoming album could become more of a hit than their first full-length (*Palomine*). The A-side's "Crutches" could be the poppiest song they've ever written, and even though the B-side's "Shades" probably won't make you cry as much as *Palomine*'s "Brintag," it might make you snifle. The final track, "Entire Races," is the most true-to-form on the record, rockin' and wallin' as beautifully as only Bettie time can. So, if you're prepared for some dutch diversity, you'll still probably quite enjoy the album. And if you're not yet a fan, listen to it with an open mind.

Miko Hoffman

**NEW BOMB TURKS**  
*Information Highway Revisited*  
(Crypt Records)  
**NINE POUND HAMMER**  
*Hayseed Timebomb*  
(Crypt Records)  
**THE B-GUILDED**  
*Blue Dips*  
(Crypt Records)

Here we have three swank releases from those purveyors of pure filth out on the east coast, and all o' them, like Maxwell House coffee, are good to the last drop.

To begin, the latest from the Turks has their trademark mile-a-minute rawness flyin' right

outta the mouth of their debut platter into their newest waxing of top-notch sweet material. Redundant you say? Not likely, sir. Check out the balls-out "Bullshit Or No Bullshit," the honkin' harmonica of "Lyn On Our Backs" and the bathroom-ritual-turned-dance-craze phenomenon, "T.A.S." You'll thank me later.

Next we have transplanted Tennesseans Nine Pound Hammer spillin' their guts from equal parts ranch rock, bad table manners and white trash livin'. What's left on the floor of the trailer is a good ol' mess of southern-fried punk stew, with ingredients like "Stranded Outside Taterknob," "Devil's Playground" and "Steamroller" mixed up oh so good. Yum!

Finally, Orange County, CA gives us the Beguiled, a band that packs a punch so hard I fell over after the first single note of "She Devil Rock." Sure, naïf, the ass-whuppin' continued throughout with songs like "Fire Rock (That Nagging Voice)," the bass-heavy dosage of "Nycoidia," and the knockout kick of "The Screaming Rummy," which, by the end, had me laid out in a disheveled heap, begin' for mercy. But I'd do it all again in a second.

Bryce Dunn

**WEAPON OF CHOICE**  
*Naming Sez "Bozo The Town"*  
(Epik/Louisegrooves)

Unless you live in an ice cave somewhere north of Yellowknife, you probably already know via the Pearl Jam-besotted media that Weapon of Choice is one of the inaugural bands on Stone Gossard's new Louiegrooves label. But they've probably also heard that they sound like Parliament/Funkadelic, which is a tempting but lazy way to weasel out of describing this strange and challenging South Central L.A. crew.

The P-Funk mothership definitely hovers over some of the proceedings here, but mostly in peripheral ways like the strange

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voices that weave in and out of the mix (one of which sounds disconcertingly like Lisa Simpson) and song titles such as "Iz Funk among them 'P' Uik." Elsewhere, though, other influences dominate. The fiery, virtuosic work throughout the album brings to mind Joe Bowie's frenetic blowing with former New York art-funk scenemakers Defunkt, and "Nitty Nurt/Meg Phantasy" bears the distinct mark of the Artist Who Will Continue to Refer to as Prince.

In any case, the music ultimately takes a backseat to the razor-sharp, intelligent lyrics, which are militantly political (the anti-Uncle Tom "Uppity Yuppity Dootie!"), absurdly funny (the pro-pot "Inhale the Earth") or both at once (the anti- and transgressing "Mark of the Beast"). The band seems to believe that, while "free yourself and your mind will follow" was an adequate credo for the '70s, things need to be spelled out a bit more explicitly in this benighted decade.

In the end, *Weapon of Choice* probably offers the best description of itself in the otherwise nonsensical song collage "Gee Ga Ga." This is cool and unusual funishment."

Craig O'Neill

#### ASS PONYS

*Electric Rock Music* (A&M)

*Electric Rock Music* (co-produced by John Curley of the Afghan Whigs) is a collection of thirteen quirky, twisted, clean-sheer sounding pop songs, somewhat reminiscent of Camper Van Beethoven and Shmintoast, but with a singer (Chuck Cleaver) who occasionally reminds me of a whiner Michael Stipe.

Hailing from Cincinnati, the Ass Ponys share a warped sense of humour with their Ohio brethren the Afghan Whigs, as evident in two of the better songs, "Little Bastard" (And she calls him Little Bastard/And she says it to his face/And he says, 'Don't call me Little Bastard./Call me Snake') and "Earth to Grandma" ("It's a dull, completely made of sock/fat cover for a tissue box/fat a clothespin duck and a funfur cat/And a crazy yan and beer can hat/Earth to Grandma/What the hell is that?").

Overall, *Electric Rock Music* is fairly versatile, a bit of pop, a bit of country, and a whole lot of lunacy.

Fred derF

#### THE INBREDS

*Kombinator* (SP Records)

Imprecisely is often beautiful, and attempts to over-do-it-out-do can easily result in something that is as far removed from a good invention as a bad one.

The pride of Kingston, Ontario for more than three years (tragically how?), the Inbreds have recorded songs that come down to the essence of the ideas behind them, best demonstrated

on last year's *Hilaria*. Now with a slightly larger budget and a slightly larger band, the Inbreds have released their second full length CD, *Kombinator*, retaining most of the elements which made *Hilaria* such a fine listen.

As a bass/drums duo, most of the Inbreds' songs continue to be based around a simple form. But given the fullness of the sound that Mike O'Neill and Dave Ulrich create with their two so-called "rhythm" instruments, one would be hard pressed to notice the lack of guitar or keyboards. And complementing their sound and their songs alike are memorable vocal performances, reminiscent of both Lennon and McCartney at the same time.

Yet another example of the Inbreds' devotion to simplicity is their lyrical content. There's never a need to fill words into verse after verse after verse if they don't add anything to the first one, and none of *Kombinator*'s songs feature more than four syllables. Must contain only two or three, just enough to get the point across.

Perhaps it is to add variety more than anything, but it still comes as a surprise that *Kombinator* actually features more instrumentation. Dave Clark of the Rheostatics (and *Kombinator*'s producer) sits in on a few of the songs, and perhaps as a result such novel instruments as guitar, xylophone and piano appear on a track each. Nonetheless, it comes very much in the style of minimalism employed by the Inbreds on the rest of this release.

To summarize *Kombinator* is simple. Simply, it's great.

Brian Wieser

#### SKIN PICNIC

*Skin Picnic* (Independent)

When Seattle's Skin Picnic thanks its "friends" in the liner notes of its debut CD, it lists LSD and THC along with the usual roster of groupies and family members. This fact goes a fair distance toward explaining the sound of the band. Although it clocks in at only forty-eight minutes instead of the standard ten hours, this disk is one swirling, hypnotic trip from beginning to end.

But this isn't the work of any tie-dyed Grateful Dead tribute band or piddly bunch of Day-Glo ravers. Instead, drawing from a much more eclectic pharmacopoeia of influences - Rush to Joy Division, the Cult to the 4AD bands - Skin Picnic's psychedelia comes on all sleek and metallic, proffering a post-punk musical edge and an apocalyptic lyrical sensibility where one would otherwise expect peace, love and flowers.

The altered states traveltogue that Skin Picnic presents requires lots of elbow room, so don't look for any two-minute thirty-second pop singles. Instead, let your mind, relax and float down stream to meandering epics like

"Egyptian Mudbug" and "Her Fingertips." But don't dangle your hands overboard, because these are rough psychic waves. Although Skin Picnic is too melodic to be the soundtrack to a really bad trip, the lyrics explore themes of loneliness, alienation and failure with, alternately, fevered metaphor ("Getting seasick on my inner ocean...") from "Cleaning My Room" and punk-noir realism ("Standing in your own piss/After you've been hit by some old asshole" from "Nude").

Not the CD to kick off your next keg party with, but a picnic well worth attending all the same.

Craig O'Neill

#### VARIOUS ARTISTS

*Trim Crusts if Desired* (Cinnamon Toast)

You don't have to like toast to like this album; you don't even have to like bread (although there are some pretty nifty toast sketches in the CD insert, courtesy of The Noble History of Toast in This Country and Abroad). You do, however, have to like that lo-fi, indie pop/rock sound that the Martinis area seems to breed so well.

Now four years old, Halfback's Cinnamon Toast Records has put out enough 7" singles to release a compilation of their thirteen bands, fifteen songs in all. Every song is enjoyable, and some are perfectly wonderful. This album has just the right ingredients to attract new listeners and keep the old fans. Special treats from new semi-well known bands such as rockers Hardship Post (with a cover of Randy Bachman's "Rock is My Life") plus a song otherwise only available on a flexi-disc, 4-track wizards Eric's Trip (playing a cover of an obscure Susan tune), and melody-makers Jale, who offer two very lo-fi, garagey songs, each from different singles.

Bands that you've probably heard of, but will want to hear more of once you've heard this record? Leonardo Conan, with a country-esque, harmony laden gem; Rebecca West, doing a pared down, guitar and vocals Liz Phair take; a very fuzzy song from Thrush Hermit, Sloan's friends and rivals at who's better at the smooth pop thing; and a song each from Cinnamon Toast's resident sweet, juicy and delicious bands: Strawberry and Plumtree. For those of you cooler than cool folks who have all the singles already and are disappointed that all the tracks are previously released, just think: now you don't have to live up all your record and listen to them on your own - you've got 'em all on one album! And for all you who don't own the 7"s, be careful: once you hear this, you won't be able to restrain yourself from buying all the rest...

Miko Hoffman

#### STEEL WOOL

*Steel Wool* (eMPty)

You can imagine my excitement when I saw that one of the songs on this album - "Scratch Your Ass And Back At The Moon" - had been named after one of my own personal favourite late night activities...

Opening with a wave of screeching feedback and wailing guitar fuzz, *Steel Wool* soon begins to sound reminiscent of a succession of other bands, such as Rollins, Nirvana, and Mudhoney. Don't get me wrong, these guys don't sound like a bunch of other, more popular bands from the nineties, but let's just say you can hear the influences.

In addition to the three names I've already mentioned, you could also make a comparison between Steel Wool and Beck, although I doubt that these guys have ever heard of him. Still, they do share the same affection for his slowed down, drunk-on-moonshine, high-on-Nitrus type of white trash noise making.

"I'm smoking Mexican dirt weed from out of a spit can..." - I can dig that.

Collin Knight

#### THE SAMPLES

*Autopilot* (W.A.R.)

The Samples generated quite a positive buzz when they emerged several years ago with their self-

titled debut, and the trend-hungry music press was quick to dub them the leading lights of the so-called "Boulder scene." Combining homey roots rock with cool, friendly, earthy-crunchy lyrics and a laid-back patina of Colorado granola, the band was heralded by many as the purveyor of a vital new style - sort of John Denver-gone-college rock.

Well, whatever - personally, I never bought in. But six years and four albums later the Samples give us *Autopilot*, an all-too-apply named snooze-fest that demonstrates conclusively that they've gotten innovation out of their systems and are ready to make their grab for the brass ring.

This is radio-ready "adult album alternative" fare of the most tasteful, well-mannered and soulless variety. At its best ("As Tears Fall," "Dinosaur Bones"), *Autopilot* ponies up cut-rate Sting imitations, a comparison furthered by the plagiaristic resemblance of vocalist Sean Kelly to the ex-Policeman. At its worst (the cliché-ridden Cobain tribute "Weight of the World" and just about everything else) it's as bland as Bruce Hornsby outtakes.

A major Rocky Mountain low, coming soon to an elevator near you.

Craig O'Neill

#### PALACE SONGS

*Hope* (Drag City)

This EP consists of six bluesy/

countryish, acoustic-oriented tunes (of which two are covers) which do not vary a great deal from one song to the next. They are extremely sparse, forlorn, and mournful, and the performances sound very natural and relaxed. The vocals are a bit whiny/bracky, like Neil Young's or Beck's. While I enjoyed this EP, I feel an album's worth of similar material could be a bit overwhelming, unless one is in the right frame of mind. Great for walling to. Also a good sedative.

Fred derF

#### GHERKIN

*Ten Esperanto Love Songs* (The "Schwa") Sound)

One day, not too long ago, I was a little frazzled and looking around CTR's playlist for something different. Something I hadn't heard before, but something that was as good as the rest of those songs you hear ten times a week already. Almost at random, I pulled out Gherkin's CD. Maybe it was the use of the word "esperanto" (a 19th century attempt to concoct a unifying language for a utopian world) in the title. I reasoned that if a band knew what esperanto is, they can't be half bad, and wouldn't you know it, I was right!

Hailing from Seattle, Gherkin have a sound that features distortion drenched guitars over drumming that is creative to say the least, often playing anything but 4/4 time. The vocals are melodic

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Doing whatever it takes to make it big in the music biz has taken its toll on the once boyish JASON ZUMPANO. Go man go!

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| BETTIE SERVEERT • Lamprey.....           | \$9.87 LP \$14.92 CD        |
| FREE KITTEN • Nice An.....               | \$9.87 LP/cass \$12.72 CD   |
| TRIBE 8 • First City.....                | \$9.87 LP/cass \$12.72 CD   |
| MARY LOU LORD • Self Titled.....         | \$6.79 LP \$8.34 CD         |
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and sometimes screaming, at times almost reminiscent of fellow Emerald City residents Sunny Day Real Estate, but that comparison alone doesn't really describe them. Many groups come to mind when listening to Gherkin, but they seem to have a style that is almost their very own. *Love Songs* is diverse by the track, yet cohesive as an album, which always makes for a better overall listen.

As an added bonus, the liner notes in the CD jacket are written in Esperanto. I'm not sure that it isn't just words made up at random, but who cares? Read the jacket aloud to impress and surprise your friends with your growing language vocabulary. Then listen to the disc to surprise your ears.

Brian Wieser

#### LOU BARLOW AND FRIENDS

*Another Collection of Home Recordings*

(Mint Records)

I have never heard Lou Barlow

before but I have heard a lot about him and his band Sebadoh, and one of the things that I heard was that he wanted to put out a record in Canada because when he was up here last people were telling him how hard it was to get his stuff.

*Another Collection Of Home Recordings*, true to its title, sounds like it was recorded in Lou's living-room, and all of the songs on the album have a very 'at home' feeling, sounding spontaneous and full of youthful vigor. The first track is a very lo-fi, heartfelt rendition of "Run To You," one of Vancouver's favourite denim boy's early hits, and the next song, "Puffin'," has become the new theme to my favourite late night pastime. The biggest hit on this album for me, though, is the song "What Would It Be Like," sung by Lou's sister Abby. But then again, I've listened to the record about fifteen times and this is my third hit song off of it.

All in all, in my uneducated opinion, this is a good Lou Barlow record. I'm sure all the

kids will like it, and that's what counts, right?

Coltin Knight

#### THE DERELICTS

*Going Out of Style (eMPLY)*

It seems to be becoming a bit of a trend nowadays for ye olde punk rocke bands to put out a CD compilation of their oldie tunes. And while the new derelict Derelicts may not entirely fit into this category - they're not that far gone - this album does contain 27 tracks (including two repeat live versions) of material from the years '86 through to '90. As far as sheer quantity of rock is concerned it is a bargain, but one big problem with these compilations in that much of the appeal in these bands comes from their loud, drunk and live performances, and I don't think that enough of it can possibly come through onto a newly released CD. I don't dig the tunes very much, but if you ever appreciated them live, you probably will.

Steve Dipasquale

## Lollapalaser

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**Assists - Assistances**  
Thomas Gradin, 36

**Power Play Goals**  
Buts sur le jeu de puissance  
Dave Williams, 11

**Short Handed Goals**  
Buts à court d'un hommie  
Gerry Mink, 6

**Game Winning Goals**  
Buts gagnants  
Darcy Flota, 5

**Scoring - Points**  
Thomas Gradin, 69 points

# CHARTS

## february '95 LONG VINYL 50

|                                |                             |                   |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------|
| 1 various artists              | trix cruise if desired      | cinnamon toast    |
| 2 various artists              | rock stars kill             | kill rock stars   |
| 3 apachemaster                 | products & accessories      | final notice      |
| 4 good honey                   | answer the phone honey      | trackdown         |
| 5 the fortresses               | supper like phone honey     | sub pop           |
| 6 megamix                      | i want to see your love off | lucky             |
| 7 face to face                 | over it                     | victory           |
| 8 new trucker                  | dogs under stress           | sky/ichiban       |
| 9 kadie                        | sin, sex & salvation was    | trax/tvt          |
| 10 hoodoo guru                 | crack                       | zoo               |
| 11 superthinx                  | driveway to driveway up     | murga             |
| 12 salt water                  | tripped up headbanging      | lumpy             |
| 13 monster                     | cynical                     | emil uppin        |
| 14 the flinche                 | teen trash vol. 12          | music master      |
| 15 the cream                   | lowed                       | arista            |
| 16 18th dy                     | down                        | nastador          |
| 17 penance                     | penance                     | cranky            |
| 18 white trash debutante       | come out, come out          | slut              |
| 19 various artists             | 3 rows of teeth             | desperate attempt |
| 20 various artists             | vow and flutter up          | electra           |
| 21 karekash                    | forward up                  | cave canon        |
| 22 karekash                    | combustion                  | pf                |
| 23 two tone bowlers            | manifolds                   | independent       |
| 24 elton fraser with pipe band | do no charach math          | linnor            |
| 25 janis schenon               | brigit red                  | warner            |
| 26 elton fraser with pipe band | drive my rocket             | cleopatra         |
| 27 dead on dance               | toward the within           | ad                |
| 28 late                        | why love up                 | x                 |
| 29 steel soul                  | lucky body                  | empty             |
| 30 the puma & nary chain       | come on up                  | warner            |

|                      |                              |             |
|----------------------|------------------------------|-------------|
| 32 various artists   | electro soundtrack           | chaos       |
| 33 various artists   | destination bang             | boom!       |
| 34 littlewider       | screen of the week           | zero hour   |
| 35 great chief audio | radius is the discovery      | inspire     |
| 36 rhinoceros        | we are rhinoceros            | real        |
| 37 risk of it all    | scratch the surface          | eastwest    |
| 38 george keller     | made for plastic, animals... | independent |
| 39 alloy             | paper this fruit             | engine      |
| 40 megapop           | hot boxing                   | priority    |
| 41 both murray       | the more beautiful...        | give/bag    |
| 42 adrian            | adrian                       | independent |
| 43 local anxiety     | forget us we're casuals      | lynn valley |
| 44 bus launch        | the rock box, the pebble...  | su guard    |
| 45 leader            | funny car                    | ringing ear |
| 46 spouse            | collectible                  | new         |
| 47 various artists   | welcome to the future 2      | apc         |
| 48 the cyclon        | on stevia tonight            | get hip     |
| 49 adrian            | sting on the side 12"        | give        |
| 50 angeline morgan   | midlife                      | art         |

## february '95 SHORT VINYL 35

|                            |                           |                 |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------|
| 1 wandering boy            | hit                       | independent     |
| 2 megapop                  | wraparound shadow         | sub pop         |
| 3 megapop                  | dirty rubber              | lucky           |
| 4 stand up/porbilly        | split                     | nap wheel       |
| 5 radio scraper            | dsh factor                | bird man sound  |
| 6 the 3-4 invadibles       | robot monster             | neurotic boy    |
| 7 the peachtree            | cup of glory              | kill rock stars |
| 8 hot dean                 | i put waxes be asked      | hell yeah       |
| 9 the ones & nettles       | when push fall to earth   | rubber polidish |
| 10 tinker                  | gymnasium                 | beat            |
| 11 megapop                 | on the couch              | sub pop         |
| 12 tina angel              | pena is on my side        | ecococh pouch   |
| 13 the wilsones            | krakatoa side edge        | neurotic boy    |
| 14 liquor plays            | play along                | lucky           |
| 15 gant                    | jla motherfucker          | get hip         |
| 16 yemeline                | your head is so small     | sub pop         |
| 17 pet 500                 | petit christ superstar    | derivative      |
| 18 pet 500                 | playmen heaven on liberty | beast slemas    |
| 19 hole hoop               | bestseller                | silver girl     |
| 20 slow lute               | pelotica                  | derivative      |
| 21 rutter's delight        | try harder                | gall            |
| 22 the wacka' house        | philly keep walkin'       | eventually      |
| 23 the doges               | whenever                  | transcript      |
| 24 the children            | she's your daughter, son  | kassalio        |
| 25 spool                   | collage makers            | derivative      |
| 26 alonzo's halo           | down                      | lgr             |
| 27 alonzo's                | the halo run              | lgr             |
| 28 twilight underbreake    | i'm in love with me       | telstar         |
| 29 the popdies             | should have known         | kade            |
| 30 the threes              | i like to eat fish        | flying tart     |
| 31 which band              | gut don't try             | bubblegum smile |
| 32 sidewalk racers         | ride away                 | the bus stop    |
| 33 larry & the left-handed | rubber baby               | trashcan        |
| 34 newmans                 | rock up to rachel         | it is           |
| 35 i own the sky           | newmans rage              | 1 8 1 1         |

## february '95 INDIE HOME JOBS

|                        |                                    |
|------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1 discopore            | berling                            |
| 2 mark (dinner lovers) | did she call me baby?              |
| 3 speedology           | see try                            |
| 4 the papilloness      | polit                              |
| 5 partially            | transpollen                        |
| 6 squemey              | not all daises                     |
| 7 paley/entomae        | east goose                         |
| 8 lastback             | big dump                           |
| 9 derivative duo       | aise klaine visit                  |
| 10 vinylgate           | blind spot                         |
| 11 the mytemus         | infers                             |
| 12 gam                 | see muskye die                     |
| 13 nmt delay           | eliot's shape                      |
| 14 tiger boat          | one dozen happy days               |
| 15 good honey          | how oswald bestable ruined my life |
| 16 groover             | i like you                         |
| 17 uneven stage        | empty passed glass of a three      |
| 18 krowde              | expose                             |
| 19 pipequack           | put up, shut up                    |
| 20 what child          | everything                         |

## HOME BASS COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON

|                      |                      |      |               |
|----------------------|----------------------|------|---------------|
| 1 metro cat          | hidden               | drop | base          |
| 2 pilze              | new realities        |      | hathhouse     |
| 3 ape ban yast       | planned              |      | flinflex      |
| 4 chosen fl          | white label          |      | akuma         |
| 5 system 01          | slut question        |      | treator       |
| 6 various artists    | technobad 3          |      | react         |
| 7 the source exp ... | different journey 1p |      | r&g           |
| 8 nine dix           | x factor             |      | djax up beats |
| 9 resistance d       | skyline realities    |      | hathhouse     |
| 10 search & destiny  | return to madness    |      | akuma         |

## HIP HOP 12" VINYL

|                      |                       |          |
|----------------------|-----------------------|----------|
| 1 raw kas            | won't catch me rasta! | patches  |
| 2 the alkabottle     | decent                | bag/10nd |
| 3 the route          | proceed 1             | gaffes   |
| 4 loud ft (nubb dem) | ouder ladders         | bag/10nd |
| 5 redman             | dare is a derelict 1p | daf jax  |
| 6 fr-choinkens       | nervous breakdown 1p  | bag/jive |
| 7 mid geratino       | it's real             | blunt    |
| 8 various artists    | fresh soundtrack      | bag/10nd |
| 9 method man         | trial 1p              | daf jax  |
| 10 seven warriors    | day in day out 1p     | ant      |

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# on the air

## SUNDAYS

**ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 10:00AM-12:00PM** All in one, necessarily by its art. Most broadcasting shows art for its own sake. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Cars open. Hosted by Paul Shumacher and Can McKittick.

**THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM** Reggae rap and styles and fashion. Main Cherry and Peter Williams alternate as hosts.

**SOUL CHURCH 3:00-5:00 PM** Alternating Sundays with Brent Ayco. Vancouver's only program devoted entirely to African-Caribbean and Afro-American Gospel music. Your host, Vince Vach.

**HEATHER'S SHOW 6:00PM** Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great machine music from all sexual preferences and gender identities.

**LULU'S BACK IN TOWN 8:00-9:00PM** No cotton or even a cotton ball here. Vinnie Capelli and Sonny Prince bring you one hour of pure lightbulbs, ball hugging, screaming POLYESTER.

**GESTALTJAM 9:00-10:00PM** Gestaltjam is a weekend radio show which features a wide range of music from India. This includes classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies from the 1950's to the 1980's. Semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, Folk Songs, etc. Hosted by J. Chop, A. Patel and V. Narayan.

**RADIO FREE AMERICA 10:00PM-12:00AM** Join host Dave Emory and colleague No Tuck for some extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think twice. Bring your tape deck and two C-90s. Originally broadcast on KFCJ (Los Altos, California).

**IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY 12:00AM-4AM** Drop your gear and stay up late. Naked radio for make people. Get bent. Love Dave.

## MONDAYS

**BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM** Your favorite brownskins, James and Peter, offer a weekly salute to the land of rice and music in a blend of aural delight! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special.

**THE STUPID RADIO SHOW 11:00 AM-1:00 PM** With your hosts the Grand Ignorance and Don the Wanderer. What will we play today? Rog put it away.

**NEURAL GAZETTE NOIZE 1:00-3:00PM** CITE's industrial/noise/industrial... show alternating with SKINIGHT BUFFONERY - weekly British pop, Beatle Boys, indie guitar swing, and techno from far in good measure. Hit your electrolytic centre centre with jugs, scudlers@mindlink.bc.ca.

**THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 3:00-4:00PM** Vancouver to feature dead air, verbal fluency (only when I speak), a work of music by a twentieth-century composer - can you say minimalist? - and whatever else appears to me. Tap and dither positive. Mail in 26 DISORDER

your requests, because I am not a human-answering machine. Get a quarter then call someone who cares.

**FEMININE HIT-JUNK 4:00-5:00PM** For women who sometimes don't feel fresh, but always get fresh. Spoken word and music: light to heavy. Low. Maximum protection recommended for male listeners. Holy Harriet! It's a Feminist show.

**THE CITY DRINK REPORT 5:00-6:00PM** For most interesting drink gossips from Jessica Andree and her team, Jodi Knight, Neil, Louisa, Skyhawk, and Gran Miff Jan 1997. We bring you the force of the news, don't feed and all. With the BBC World Service News @ 5-5:15pm.

**WORDWATERS 6:00-6:00PM** Join Colin Pereira for all the weekend spots shock from the high altitudes and fun of Point Grey.

**FLAMING CATERPILLAR SHOW 6:00-7:00PM** Paris Green explores worldbeat music with Captain Kirk, Spock and occasional celebrities.

**THE PEAKING CANUCK 7:00-9:00PM** If you are suffering in identity crisis you may want to tune into this show more than once. Year host Bob Willson chronicles Canada in 20th Century sound every second week.

**THE JAZZ SHOW 8:00PM-12:00AM** Vancouver's longest running live jazz program. Hosted by the ever-curious Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

**Feb. 28** Givin' it out with Zia Zia Gabor celebrating a birthday - see you next week.

**Feb. 28** A wonderful and rare album by the legendary Jimmy Wood, with the great Jimmy Wood, with the great Jimmy Wood, with the great Jimmy Wood.

**Feb. 28** A meeting of Jazz giants whose month, Lionel Hampton (bass) and Oscar Peterson (piano), Ray Brown (bass) and one and only Buddy Rhythm (drums).

**SCREAMING INCONSISTENCIES 12:00-4:00AM** The ultimate contrast. Screwing you over with nostalgia, then bringing you to what you might call reality. We do poetry, too.

## TUESDAYS

**THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 8:30-11:00AM** That's right, ball! Punk-pop, surf-pop, and lots more trash for you. Tune in to me, Bryce D, for all the crud that's got claws every Tuesday morning. Yoo!

**MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW 3:00-5:00PM** Women and music and girls in music: two hours of love and rock. We don't need a penis to be a musical genius! Carol and Trish.

**THE UNHEARD MUSIC 7:00-9:00PM** Most of the unheard and the unheard of the hardy hear are heard, courtesy of host and demo director Dab Sawyer. Hosted by RITMO LATINO 9:00-10:00PM

**WOLF AT THE DOOR 10:00PM-12:00AM** Alternating Tuesdays. Live readings and the latest in techno bizarro with host Lucio Yanobsky.

**AURAL TENTACLES MIDNITE - VERY LATE** Warning: This show is moody and unpredictable. It encourages insomnia and may prove to be hazardous to your health. Listener discretion is advised. This music, news and 2:00 WNCU local radio show may not be suitable for the entire family.

## WEDNESDAYS

**MUSIC AS A WHOLE 9:00-9:30AM** Bob? Right. Linda sorts. Not necessarily! **YACHT CLUB 11:00-1:15** Drop anchor with our new all rap format. It's superaggressive! epaspeaks with DJ Jay "n' Matt."

**LOVE SHOTS 1:15-3:00PM** Tune in for the musical cannabis that is Love Shots. If you can't make sense of it, at least you can dance to it.

**MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM** "I'm a brother, steal his colors, insult the club and, man, look out - you gotta pay!" This is the code that has escalated rivalry between Eastern cycle clubs into a blood feud.

**THE CUTTING ROOM FLOOR 5:30-6:00PM** Join our own "best" boy Kevin O'Leary for news, reviews, interviews. At the show in the film business that Mary Hart and Entertainment Tonight tried to be broadcast.

**ESOTERIK 6:00-7:30PM** (ex's-her's), understood by, or intended for, only a select number of disciples, secret, mysterious.

**AND SOMETIMES WHY 7:30-9:00PM** And sometimes why? people so miserable? guess that's life... but we always have Sissy Quacky Literally Elegant Ely Kool Yokes!

**STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUANDER 10:00PM-12:00 AM** Live DJ's Jindas and Bitches invites you to reduplicate Shogun! "Chakkh de phutty". Listen to all our favorite Punjabi tunes - remakes and originals. Brassah!

## THURSDAYS

**RADIO FREE WOMEN 10:00-11:00AM** We're in your homes and in your heads. Dena and Deb instigate their way into your life to entertain, provoke, trash, and induce, and be you. 'Tis only you, they are talking about us again?

**CANADIAN LUNCH 11:00-1:00PM** Togaes, plaid, blackboard, beer, igloos and beer. Eat your lunch every Thursday with Dylar. STEVE & MIKE 1:00-3:00PM

boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to a baby. **FLEX YOUR HEAD 3:00-5:00PM** -ERIC- -CORE- **YOUR BREAKFAST VACATION 5:30-6:00PM** If you move in your groove and notice to motion, if a backpack's your thing then here's what you do: Thursday at supper time to be sure.

**OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM** No Brinkmotes, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Dave S.

**OLD SCHOOL ROCKA ROLL 7:30-9:00PM** Root of Rock 'n' Roll. If you don't get into the 'n' Roll Heaven don't blame me!

**LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 11:00PM** Local music from 6. Live bands from 10. Feb 28 July 8th Toilet Feb 28 Touch 'n' Goss Feb 1st McMac's

**RADIO TRANSUBSTANTIATION YEAT - Alternating with TFL 11:00-1AM** Struggle from the mean streets, Elton Meyer, Dina Flynn, and misanthrope Kaplan Neo straddle and message your ear drums with nonstop heresy. Inject and learn something!

**TALES FROM THE INFINITE LIVINGROOM - Alternating with RHY 11:00-1AM** Chris Parash explores the Montreal states and psycho-social aspects of The Infinite Livingroom, but NB dimensional space between perceived consciousness and profound absurdity.

## FRIDAYS

**VENUS FILTRAPPS' LOVE DEN 8:30-10:00PM** Congrats. Join me in the love den for a cocktail. We'll have retro stilt, groovy jazz, and thicken stuff too. See you here - and bring some sex. XXXX

**COLONEL'S REPORT 12:00PM-1PM** Join your charismatic host for an hour of quality radio programming. Colonel's Corner has won three prestigious Anderson awards, and is the only radio show in North America hosted by a high ranking military officer.

**LITTLE THIN STARS AM with Jo 11-1-2:00 PM** Stay on your way to Go books for an original radio to the stars. Hosts: VICKY HARDWARD THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-4:00PM

**THE CITY DRINKER REPORT 5:00-**

**8:00PM** Do you want us to make you a Saturday night? Do you want to hear of plausible news coverage plus our weekly wrap up from Brighton, England correspondent Angus Wilson bring us this report.

**NATION 2 8:00-9:00PM** Underground sound system-style masteria radio.

**FOR THE RECORD 9:00-9:45PM** From Canada from Dave Emory's Radio Free America Series.

**HOMEBASE 9:00PM-12:00AM** The original live mixed dance program in Vancouver. Hosted by DJ Noleb, the main focus of the show is techno, but also includes some trance, acid, tribal, etc.

**POWERCHORD 12:00-3:00PM** Vancouver's only true metal show, local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Garth Raffald and Mead Ross de the dumpy.

**THE SHOW 6:00-7:00PM** Strictly Hip Hop - Strictly Underground - Strictly Vinyl With your hosts Corgi G, - Checks

**THE BIG STOMP 10:00PM-1:00AM** Alternating with Groove Jumping

**SOMETHING 10:00-4:00AM** I can wait a long long time before I hear another love song.

**NEW STUFF THIS MONTH** NEW STUFF THIS MONTH. Some good stuff will be fillin' in Thursdays LATE from 1am to 2am. Hosted by Vinnie Vach.

**POWER CHORD** Blood on the Saddle will be on hiatus until March, but we'll be back in Tuesday from 13pm for some great new d'n's fillin' in!

**MARCH 8 IS INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY. TUNE IN TO CTR FOR A FULL DAY OF WOMEN'S PROGRAMMING! WATCH FOR MARCH ISSUE FOR DETAILED SCHEDULE.**

**WHOM & HOW**

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29 DISORDER



# JANUARY

**SAT 28** ch record release party w/Sparkmarker & Gob at the New York Theatre (ALL AGES)...The Crazy at The End Cafe...Novelist Mathew Stadler reads at the Kootenay School of Writing...The Glenn Powrie Trio at the Alma Street Cafe...Cranksniff, Bug & Seismic at the Hungry Eye...The Falcons at Jack Lonsdale...Joke You at the WISE Hall...The Showers at the Railway Club...

**SUN 29** Joke You at the WISE Hall...Alternative Jazz w/Bruce Freedman (9pm) at Cafe Deux Soles...GoGo Jazz Lounge w/djs Michael Golf & Lovely Lisa at the Arts Club Theatre...

**MON 30** Celebration of Unity at the Centennial Theatre...Grrrh With Guitars at the Railway...Zoo Boogaloo w/djs Spun-K & Czech at the Starfish Room...cheap night at the Hollywood Cinema...**TUE 31** CTR 101.9 FM PRESENTS THE D.O.A. *MURDER SQUAD* w/ THE VANCOUVER POLICE *HEAT* at the Britannia Ice Rink (benefit for the Food Bank)...Neptune Telescope w/ Dream State at the Town Pump...The Vinaigrettes at the Railway Club...Leisure Lounge w/djs Jon Hardy, Jess, Druna (deep house/ambient) at the Shaggy Horse...

# FEBRUARY

**WED 1** Inside the White at the Railway Club...Solid Gold w/djs Jon Hardy, T. Bone, Dickey Doo at the Shaggy Horse...Wonderland w/djs Luce & Little T at Marks...George Robert and Oliver Gannon at the Alma Street Cafe...Paris, France (7pm) & Man Bites Dog (9:30pm) at UBC Cinemas...

**THU 2** CTR 101.9 FM presents Subsonic Thursdays w/Mystery Machine & Belter at the Pit Pub (no cover)...The Vinaigrettes...Knock Down Ginger & Four Star at the Starfish...Kim Garfield at the Alma Street Cafe...The Blue Shadows at the Railway Club...Naked Lunch, Saints and Poets & Sex Screams at the Hungry Eye...Chocolate Milk w/dj Michael Golf (acid jazz) at the Shaggy Horse...The Bottle w/dj Clarence & David Love Jones at the Piccadilly Pub...Sol w/dj Markem at Graceland...Paris, France (7pm) & Man Bites Dog (9:30pm) at UBC Cinemas...

**FRI 3** M-Blanket, Enfa/Tak, Submission Hold & Shottel Cow (former Cirque du Soleil members) at Crossstown Traffic (ALL AGES)...Everclear, Pluto & Pet at the Starfish...Psychomania w/ taste at the Hungry Eye...The Blue Shadows at the Railway Club...The Kate Hammett-Vaughan Trio at the Alma Street Cafe...She stole My Beer at the Commodore...The Lion King (7pm) & Shawshank Redemption (9:30pm) at UBC Cinemas...**SAT 4** Facemaker, the Loved Ones, the Cowards & Cinnamon at the New York Theatre (ALL AGES)...DDT, Keychain Toker & Shrug at the Starfish...Canadian Premiere of Ruben Ortiz-Toro's experimental documentary *Frontierland* at the Video In...Gran Baile de Primavera Spring Fiesta w/ Ron Canela at the Hot Jazz Club...The Lorraine Foster Trio at the Alma Street Cafe...Paupers Feet, Thurston & Honey Wagon at the Hungry Eye...The Bay City Rollers at the Commodore...Butt Trumpet at DVS (Seattle)...The Blue Shadows at the Railway Club...The Lion King (7pm) & Shawshank Redemption (9:30pm) at UBC Cinemas...

**SUN 5** Joey DeFranco at the VECC...Classical Indian Dance at the UBC Museum of Anthropology (no cover)...GoGo Jazz Lounge w/djs Michael Golf & Lovely Lisa at the Arts Club Theatre...Alternative Jazz at Cafe Deux Soles...The Lion King (7pm) & Shawshank Redemption (9:30pm) at UBC Cinemas...

**MON 6** CTR 101.9 FM PRESENTS GEEK LOVE at the PIT PUB...Cruise at the Railway Club...Zoo Boogaloo w/djs Spun-K & Czech at the Starfish...

**TUE 7** Tenderloin, Darkest of the Hillside Thickets & Seamen at the Starfish...Burning Chicago Blues Machine w/ Rumpleskieskin at the Hungry Eye...There's No Mona at the Railway Club...Leisure Lounge w/djs Jon Hardy, Jess & Druna (deep house/ambient) at the Shaggy Horse...Laurie Anderson at the Orpheum...Big Rude Jake at the Railway Club...Burning Chicago Blues Machine w/ Rumpleskieskin at the Hungry Eye...Solid Gold w/djs Jon Hardy, T. Bone, Dickey Doo (progressive house) at the Shaggy Horse...The Princess Bride (7pm) & When Harry Met Sally (9:30pm) at UBC Cinemas...

**THU 9** CTR 101.9 FM presents Subsonic Thursdays w/SOL & Difference Engine at the Pit Pub (no cover)...@ w/babe the Blue Ox at the Starfish...Big Rude Jake at the Railway Club...Chocolate Milk w/dj Michael Golf (acid jazz) at the Shaggy Horse...The Bottle w/djs David Love Jones at the Piccadilly Pub...Sol w/dj Markem at Graceland...The Princess Bride (7pm) & When Harry Met Sally (9:30pm) at UBC Cinemas...

**FRI 10** Mule w/guests at the Starfish Room...Our Lady Peace & The Killjoys at the New York Theatre (ALL AGES)...Joe Cocker at the Q.E.T. Nancy Patterson at the Video In...Big Rude Jake at the Railway Club...The Universal Gospel Choir, The Wingnuts & Mad Pudding at the WISE Hall...The Intoxicators, Professor Dumb & The Dead Cats at the Hungry Eye...Alannah Myles at the Commodore...Frankenstein (7pm) & Interview With The Vampire (9:30pm) at UBC Cinemas...

**SAT 11** Jessamine, Blaise Pascal & Gaze at the Anza...Network Anniversary w/ Rose Chronicles, Sarah McLaughlin, Ginger, Delirium & Mystery Machine at the Vogue Theatre...Our Lady Peace & The Killjoys at the Starfish...Red Hot & Restricted video dance party at the Video In...Video Screening & Discussion with Video and Film Maker Ami Laly at the Kootenay School of Writing...Big Rude Jake at the Railway Club...DSK at the Hungry Eye...Frankenstein (7pm) & Interview With The Vampire (9:30pm) at UBC Cinemas...

(9:30pm) at UBC Cinemas...

**SUN 12** Philosopher Kings at Richards on Richards...GoGo Jazz Lounge w/djs Michael Golf & Lovely Lisa at the Arts Club Theatre...Barbours at La Quena...Alternative Jazz at Cafe Deux Soles...Frankenstein (7pm) & Interview With The Vampire (9:30pm) at UBC Cinemas...

**MON 13** CTR 101.9 FM PRESENTS GEEK LOVE at the PIT PUB...Laura Smith (from Halifax) at the Railway...Zoo Boogaloo w/djs Spun-K & Czech at the Starfish Room...**TUE 14** Author Kate Braid reads at the Women In Print bookstore (7:30pm)...The Cult at the PNE Forum...Skinwalk, Hunting Humans & Toxic Garden at the Hungry Eye...Black Mollies at the Railway...Leisure Lounge w/djs Jon Hardy, Jess, Druna (deep house/ambient) at the Shaggy Horse...

**WED 15** Smokin' Progs & Elycium at the Starfish...Sick Sick Yeah at the Railway...Spleen, Neptune Telescope & The Dendrons at the Starfish...Solid Gold w/djs T-Bone, Dickey-Doo, Jon Hardy (no cover)...The Commodore at the Shaggy Horse...Videodrome (7pm) & Rabbit (9:30pm) at UBC Cinemas...

**THU 16** CTR 101.9 FM presents Subsonic Thursdays w/Silly Rabbit & Funk N' Stein at the Pit Pub (no cover)...Hard Rock Miners at the Railway...Clamhake & Steve Mitchell at the Hungry Eye...Wolfstone at the Starfish...Chocolate Milk w/dj Michael Golf (acid jazz) at the Shaggy Horse...Sol w/dj Markem at Graceland...Violent Femmes at the Moore Theatre (Seattle)...Detailed Planets at La Luna (Portland)...Videodrome (7pm) & Rabbit (9:30pm) at UBC Cinemas...

**FRI 17** Hazel, Sparkmarker, thirty odd s & Truffelhunt at the Pitt Gallery (ALL AGES)...Red Fisher & Queazy at the Starfish...Hard Rock Miners at the Railway...djs Jon Hardy & Druna at the Shaggy Horse...Ancient & the Male, Silly Rabbit & Minor...Jazz at the Hungry Eye...Ed Wood (7pm) & Forrest Gump (9:30pm) at UBC Cinemas...

**SAT 18** Megadeth w/Corrosion of Conformity at the PNE Forum...Violent Femmes at the Commodore...Tarika w/dj Tobu Ley at the Starfish Room...Hard Rock Miners at the Railway...Yellow Belly & Inflatable Soule at the Hungry Eye...Ed Wood (7pm) & Forrest Gump (9:30pm) at UBC Cinemas...

**SUN 19** Violent Femmes at the Commodore...In Hell's Belly fanzine fundraiser w/The Muscle Bitches & Flash Bastard at the Hungry Eye...Alternative Jazz at Cafe Deux Soles...GoGo Jazz Lounge w/djs Michael Golf & Lovely Lisa at the Arts Club Theatre...Megadeth at Seattle Civic Arena...Ed Wood (7pm) & Forrest Gump (9:30pm) at UBC Cinemas...

**MON 20** CTR 101.9 FM PRESENTS GEEK LOVE at the PIT PUB...Reading Railroad (spoken word performances) at the Railway...Zoo Boogaloo w/djs Spun-K & Czech at the Starfish Room...

**TUE 21** Cheap Trick at the Commodore...Elycium & Wish at the Hungry Eye...Leisure Lounge w/djs Jon Hardy, Jess, Druna (deep house/ambient) at the Shaggy Horse...

**WED 22** The Big Cookie, Jabber & The Beautiful Losers at the Hungry Eye...Spirit Merchants at the Railway...Solid Gold w/djs djs Jon Hardy, T. Bone, Dickey Doo at the Shaggy Horse...Easy Rider (7pm) & All The President's Men (9:30pm) at UBC Cinemas...

**THU 23** CTR 101.9 FM presents Subsonic Thursdays w/Libruza Huza & Bender (from Toronto) at the Pit Pub (no cover)...Spirit merchants at the Railway...Liquid, Frog Tongue & Powderfinger at the Starfish...Hogan sings Holiday at the Alma Street Cafe...Chickenhawk, Key Chain Toker & Comment at the Hungry Eye...The Bottle (acid jazz) w/djs Clarence & David Love Jones at the Piccadilly Pub...Sol w/dj Markem at Graceland...Chocolate Milk w/dj Michael Golf at the Shaggy Horse...Easy Rider (7pm) & All The President's Men (9:30pm) at UBC Cinemas...

**FRI 24** Bug House Five at the Railway Club...Slick & The Craze at the Hungry Eye...The River Wild (7pm) & Stargate (9:30pm) at UBC Cinemas...

**SAT 25** Pizzicato Five w/The Cocalists at the Starfish...The Tragically Hip at the Pacific Coliseum...Pluto, Cinnamon & Queazy at Crossstown Traffic (ALL AGES)...Bughouse 5 at the Railway Club...Zoly Cracker, Terror of Tiny Town...Queen Ida and the Bon Tones Zydeco Band at the Commodore...The River Wild (7pm) & Stargate (9:30pm) at UBC Cinemas...

**SUN 26** G. Love & Special Sauce w/Lux Indigo at the

Starfish...Bender (from Toronto) at the Hungry Eye...GoGo Jazz Lounge w/djs Michael Golf & Lovely Lisa at the Arts Club Theatre...Alternative Jazz at Cafe Deux Soles...The River Wild (7pm) & Stargate (9:30pm) at UBC Cinemas...

**MON 27** CTR 101.9 FM PRESENTS GEEK LOVE at the PIT PUB...Pat Metheny featuring Lily Mays at the Orpheum...Zoo Boogaloo w/djs Spun-K & Czech at the Starfish Room...**TUE 28** Spectrum at the Starfish...Leisure Lounge w/djs Jon Hardy, Jess & Druna (deep house/ambient) at the Shaggy Horse...

# MARCH

**WED 1** Solid Gold w/djs T-Bone, Dickey-Doo, Jon Hardy (progressive house) at the Shaggy Horse...

**THU 2** CTR 101.9 FM presents Subsonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub (no cover)...Chocolate Milk w/dj Michael Golf (acid jazz) at the Shaggy Horse...The Bottle w/dj David Love Jones (acid jazz) at the Piccadilly Pub...Sol w/dj Markem at Graceland...

VANCOUVER VANCOUVER VANCOUVER VANCOUVER VANCOUVER

|                                                     |                |
|-----------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| Alma Street Cafe, 2504 Alma (at Broadway)           | 222 2244       |
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| Arts Hotline                                        | 684 2787       |
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| Bassia                                              | 689 7734       |
| Backstage Lounge 1538 Johnston (Granville Island)   | 687 1354       |
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| Koerner's Pub 604 E Commercial                      | 822 0959       |
| La Quena 1131 Commercial Drive (at Drive)           | 251 6626       |
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| Maxwell Lewis Room 4125 W Hastings (Burnaby)        | 686 9143       |
| Maximum Blues Pub 1176 Granville (downtown)         | 686 9791       |
| Oxygens Imports 534 Seymour (downtown)              | 669 6644       |
| Old American Pub 928 Main (downtown)                | 682 3291       |
| Orpheum Theatre 5416 & Seymour (downtown)           | 665 3059       |
| Pacific Cinematheque 1331 Howe (downtown)           | 735 3466       |
| Pacific Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall)       | 681 1732       |
| Park Theatre 3446 Cambie (South Vancouver)          | 876 2747       |
| Piccadilly Pub 630 W Pender (downtown)              | 682 3221       |
| Pit Pub basement, Student Union Building (UBC)      | 822 6273       |
| Pitt Gallery 312 W Hastings (downtown)              | 681 6740       |
| Plaza Theatre 861 Granville (Granville Mall)        | 686 7650       |
| Punk Listings                                       | 684 0794       |
| Rainey Club 379 Dunsmuir (downtown)                 | 681 1620       |
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| Video In 1965 Main (South Van)                      | 877 8337       |
| Vogue Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall)        | 257 6205       |
| Waterfront Theatre 1485 Anderson (Granville Is.)    | 685 6217       |
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### Various

#### \* Our Bands Could Be Your Life

Way back when "post-punk" still meant something, and SST was king, The Minutemen were working the circuit with their particular brand of socially-conscious politico-punk, fast on their way to becoming... well... legendary. Many years later, after a legacy of influential releases and the death of main man D Boon, The Minutemen receive their deserved tribute. Many great bands like Sean, Hazel, Meat Puppets, Jawbox, Unwound, and Lou Barlow pay homage, and we recommend you do too.

CD 16.98

### Bettie Serveert

#### \* Lamprey

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### Autechre

#### \* Amber

Earning praise and credibility within ambient circles, Sheffield, England's ever-consistent Warp Records deliver Autechre's third artifact, *Amber*. Taking the best moments of noise generating princes Zoviet France in hand with the smooth BPMs of labelmate Aphex Twin, *Amber* expands with its warm ambient stylings into the hollow landscape. A rewarding listen!

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### cub

#### \* Come Out, Come Out

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#### \* Sitting on Snaps

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#### \* Kings of the Inland Empire

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